METAMORPHOSIS OF LIGHT

The Enochian Epic

By Jeff Callaway

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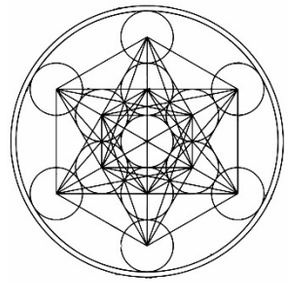

FOREWORD

"The Celestial Odyssey: A Modern Dantean Journey Through Enoch's Metamorphosis of Light"

In the realm where words weave tapestries of time and tales, I invite you, dear reader, to embark upon a journey beyond mortal confines. Here, amid the celestial dance of language, we unveil the metamorphosis of Enoch, a narrative unfolding in the grand tradition of epic poetry—a tale told not in whispers but in resounding verses that echo through the corridors of existence.

As I pen this foreword, I am acutely aware that we tread upon the footsteps of the divine, threading a path between realms and realities, crafting a symphony of words to illuminate the transformation of Enoch into the celestial being known as Metatron. It is a story that beckons us beyond the boundaries of ordinary existence, into the sublime realms where angels tread and cosmic destinies unfold.

Imagine, if you will, the great Dante Alighieri casting his poetic gaze upon the figure of Enoch in ages past. What if the creator of the "Divine Comedy" had woven the tale of this righteous man's journey from earthly bounds to angelic heights? The thought

sparked a flame in my imagination, and from that spark arose the concept of this work—an homage to Dante's legacy, yet bearing the stamp of a more modern sensibility.

Enoch, a figure known in ancient scriptures and texts, takes center stage in this cosmic odyssey. A mortal touched by divinity, his story unfolds like petals in the celestial winds, each verse a delicate unfurling of his destiny. The narrative threads traverse the earthly realm, ascends into the heavens, and pierces the veils that shroud the mysteries of existence.

Our protagonist, once a man celebrated and acknowledged among the denizens of Earth, finds himself lifted on the chariots of the spirit. He, the Son of Man, aligns with the Lord of Spirits, his reputation soaring among celestial realms. Between the North and the West, where angels mark spaces for the chosen and righteous, Enoch gazes upon the original ancestors and virtuous souls who have dwelled in this abode since time immemorial.

The journey, however, transcends earthly confines. Enoch's spirit undergoes a transformation, ascending into the heavens. There, he bears witness to the holy sons of God, treading upon flames of fire, their robes luminous, and their countenances radiant like snow. Two streams of fire, reminiscent of hyacinth hues, capture his gaze, and before the Lord of Spirits, Enoch prostrates himself.

The archangel Michael, a foremost celestial being, extends his hand to Enoch, guiding him through enigmas and unveiling the mysteries of

righteousness. Celestial bounds, chambers of stars, and the luminaries that emerge before holy beings are revealed. Enoch's spirit traverses the highest heavens, where a crystalline structure stands, tongues of living fire flickering between the crystals.

Enveloped in streams of living fire, the fiery edifice becomes apparent, guarded by Seraphim, Cherubim, and Ophanim—the vigilant ones who never slumber, safeguarding the throne of divine majesty. Countless angels, including Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Phanuel, enter and exit the dwelling.

From this celestial abode emerges the Ancient of Days, a figure of pure and woolly white, accompanied by myriad angels. Enoch, overwhelmed, falls on his face, his spirit undergoing transfiguration. Amid resounding voices, blessings flow from his lips, finding favor in the sight of the Ancient of Days.

The passage you hold in your hands carries the missing segment where the Son of Man stands with the Ancient of Days, and Enoch queries an angel about his identity. The angel's voice resounds, proclaiming the Son of Man as one born into righteousness, upheld by righteousness, and never departing from the righteousness of the Ancient of Days.

Peace, the angel imparts, flows from the future world, an eternal gift since the inception of creation. All who follow the paths of the Son of Man shall find their abode and heritage with him, remaining inseparable for endless ages. Days of extended existence await, and the righteous shall experience

peace and a righteous way, all in the name of the Lord of Spirits, forever and ever.

As you, dear reader, delve into the poetic tapestry of Enoch's metamorphosis, envision each word as a brushstroke, painting a vivid portrait of celestial realms and transcendent truths. This narrative poetry aims not only to recount a tale but to envelop you in its rhythmic cadence, inviting you to dance with angels and traverse the sacred corridors of existence.

The journey is vast, and the pages that follow hold the secrets of Enoch's transformation into Metatron. So, with anticipation and reverence, let us turn the key to the celestial gates, where the echoes of Enoch's odyssey await—a symphony of words that resonate across time and space, beckoning us to partake in the celestial dance.

Greetings and salutations,

Jeff Callaway

BOOK 1: The Book of Enoch

The Fallen Angels

In the sacred realm of Enoch's blessing,
Where righteous souls, in chosen vestments,
stand,
Awaiting the Day of Distress, foreseen,
When wicked souls, in ire, shall disband.

Enoch, with eyes awakened by the Lord,
Beheld a vision in the heavenly court,
Angelic messengers, bearers of fate,
Their utterances, a parabolic port.

"I saw," said Enoch, "what transcends my age,
A vision destined for a distant stage.
The Holy and Great One from His abode,
Onto Sinai's mount, with hosts bestowed."

A celestial tremor, all beings quake,
Watchers, in fear, their very cores do shake.
Mountains quake, hills humbled, in fervent
flame,
Earth descends, faces universal blame.

For the righteous, tranquility embraced,
A sanctuary in God's mercy placed.
Ten thousand holy beings in His wake,
Judgment upon the impious to partake.

In the celestial expanse, phenomena,
Luminous entities, courses never mar.
Ascend and descend in cosmic ballet,
Orderly progression in heavenly array.

Earth's transitions, summer to winter's hold,
Saturation with water, tales of old.
Leaves forsake their arboreal domain,
Except fourteen, unique, a leafy gain.

Summer's onset, the sun in scorching might,
The Earth a furnace, searing in the light.
Seeking shade from the solar heat's cruel
blow,
Unbearable to tread on rocks below.

Verdant foliage, trees in their array,
Creation's gift bestowed in God's own way.
Year after year, creations persevere,
Adhering to God's decrees, unfettered cheer.

Oceans and rivers, steadfastly they flow,
Fulfilling roles, as cosmic currents show.
Yet transgressors, disdainful words unfold,
Against God's Majesty, a tale untold.

Days cursed, years annihilate their span,
An eternal curse, mercy eludes, the ban.
A name transformed to a curse for all time,
By the righteous denounced, a paradigm.

Light, joy, and peace the chosen shall
embrace,
Inheriting the Earth, a sacred space.
A curse befalls the impious in return,
As wisdom graces the chosen, they learn.

Humanity burgeons, enchanting daughters,
Celestial beings, desire in waters.
"Take wives, bear offspring," whispers the
breeze,
Shemyaza, their leader, bears unease.

Collective oath sworn, curses entwined,
Two hundred angels on Hermon's peak, confined.
Leaders among them, names etched in air,
A descent to Earth, secrets to share.

Taking mortal wives, secrets they unfold,
Intimate relations, tales of old.
Gigantic offspring, towering height,
Chaos and bloodshed, an ominous plight.

Azazel imparts knowledge, weaponry's art,
Swords, shields, breastplates, a world to chart.
Impiety spreads, promiscuity's call,
A departure from righteousness, the fall.

Incantations by Shemyaza told,
Tampering minds, a sorcerer bold.
Magic's secrets by Armaros shared,
Astrology, weather forecasting paired.

Earth cries out, destruction at its brink,
Blood spilled, iniquity, a bitter drink.
From celestial realms, four archangels see,
Spilling of blood, humanity's decree.

Conference held, justice they implore,
Souls of mankind, grievances they pour.
Creator acknowledged, His dominion vast,
Azazel and Shemyaza exposed at last.

Heavenly secrets, unveiled on Earth,
Angelic sins, a tale of bitter dearth.
Human lamentations, a cry for grace,
Heavenly hosts question, in this darkened space.

The Most High speaks, His words like thunder,
Uriel dispatched, a message to sunder.

"Conceal yourself," to Lamech's son declare,
A deluge, destruction, a world laid bare.

Raphael directed, Azazel to bind,
In the desert of Dudael, darkness confined.
Jagged stones upon him, darkness his shroud,
On Judgment Day, into the fire avowed.

Gabriel advances, against the lawless foes,
Eradicate the progeny, the seed that sows.
Self-destruct, conflict, their destiny foretold,
No respite for their fathers, a fate unfold.

Michael's command, to Shemyaza and kin,
Sons beneath mountains, their fate within.
Seven decades of generations, they wait,
Endless torment, in the fiery gate.

Azazel's fate, destruction's embrace,
Tied to the flames, a perpetual case.
Wipe out all souls, tainted desire,
Descendants of Watchers, in eternal mire.

Earth purified, sins erased,
Vices banished, the world embraced.
Seeds of truth and virtue sown,
Blessings reaped, a new era known.

Heavenly Vaults of Blessings, open wide,
Upon humanity, grace does confide.
Peace and truth entwined, an eternal tide,
Through the ages, no more to hide.

Enoch concealed, a mystery profound,
His dealings with the Watchers, Heaven-bound.
A call from the Watchers, Enoch addressed,
"Convey our message to those transgressed."

"Enoch, virtuous recorder, declare,
To the Watchers in Heaven, who dared,
To forsake their dwelling in celestial light,
Tainted with Earthly deeds, a perilous flight."

No peace for the transgressors, atonement denied,
Their joyless days, in offspring, belied.
Their witnessing, the demise of kin,
A fate entwined with the weight of sin.

The Watchers

Enoch, in vision's grip, to fiery realms was drawn,
A site where flames mirrored, a tempest of the dawn.
Beings, shifting shapes at will, a mystic sight,
Directed him to mountains, reaching sky's great height.

Luminous areas, distant thunder's roar,
A blazing arc, arrows, bow cases galore.
A fiery blade, highlighted by lightning's dance,
They showed him elixir, and the Western Flame's advance.

A fiery river, liquid gold, flowing wide,
Joined the vast ocean, where secrets bide.
Great waterways, immense darkness unfurled,
The origin of deep waters, in the underworld.

Dark Winter Peaks, profound waters converge,
The world's rivers' origins begin to surge.
Vaults of every wind, Earth's base unveiled,
Four winds stabilize, Heaven's secrets sealed.

Winds bridging vastness, Heaven and Earth entwined,
Heaven's Columns, in celestial dance aligned.
Winds directing heavens, the Sun's radiant stance,
The dance of constellations, in cosmic expanse.

Earthly winds buoy clouds, angelic paths unfold,
Heaven's vast expanse, Earth's boundary bold.
Endless fiery expanses, southward bound,
Day and night, seven gemstone mountains found.

Eastern mountains varied, one of pearl so pure,
Curative gem in another, stones to allure.
Southern mountains three, painted red in hue,
The central peak touched the sky, a celestial view.

Made from antimony, crowned with sapphire's sheen,
A divine seat mirrored, a sight unseen.
Past grand Earth, a water collection zone,
Deep fissure, celestial fire, infernal columns shown.

Beyond the fissure, a realm stark and bare,
No Heaven above, Earth's base stripped and rare.
Barren land devoid of water, avians' song,
Seven colossal stars, a flaming throng.

An Angel spoke, "This serves as the jail,
For Sky's Stars and Heavenly Army, chained and frail."
Stars defying divine decree, held in fiery strife,
Chained until the Enigmatic Year, their eternal life.

Uriel spoke of spirits, Angels who'd descend,
Mingle with women, their destiny to fend.
Residing there, in multiple shapes they'd play,

Misleading humans, venerate demons, their sway.

Confined till Judgment Day, when fate decides,
Enoch witnessed, in solitude abides.
Sacred Angels revealed, guardians of Earth,
Uriel, tempests' guardian, seismic birth.

Raphael, guardian of souls, in human frame,
Raguel, dispensing retribution, an angelic name.
Michael, noble guardian of realms untold,
Saraqael, overseeing spirits, dark paths unfold.

Gabriel, guardian of snakes and paradise's bower,
Cherubim and gardens, a celestial power.
A place devoid of existence, Enoch arrived,
Seven stars, flaming ranges, destiny derived.

Uriel clarified, stars defying divine law,
Tethered for a period, an eternal flaw.
Westward, to Earth's extremities they tread,
A relentless blaze, illuminating overhead.

Day and night, a ceaseless, eternal glow,
Raguel spoke, the collective lights aglow.
Heaven's secrets unfolded, in fiery revelation,
Enoch, the witness, in cosmic conversation.

Fragrant Trees

To another region of Earth, Enoch set his stride,
A mountain ablaze, fire's eternal guide.
Seven peaks, distinct, graced with gems untold,
Three to the east, three southward they unfold.

Ravines deep and rough, in between they stood,
Unique seventh mountain, where thrones with radiance would,
Its summit adorned, like the Lord's own seat,
Surrounded by trees, fragrance so sweet.

A seventh mountain, by thrones embraced,
Aromatic trees, their beauty traced.
Among them, one with an unparalleled scent,
Distinct and divine, in nature's consent.

Its aroma captivating, never to fade,
Foliage, blooms, timber, in splendor displayed.
Fruits like clusters of dates on a palm,
Enoch, struck by its beauty, in awe of its charm.

Profoundly moved, Enoch voiced his praise,
For this fragrant tree, in a sacred daze.
Michael, Sacred Angel, in charge proclaimed,
Addressing Enoch, as admiration he framed.

"Why this fascination?" Michael inquired,
Concern for the aroma, Enoch's soul inspired.
Enoch, intrigued, his yearning confessed,
Especially for the tree, divinely blessed.

Michael unfolded the mountain's grandeur,
Echoing the Lord's Throne, a sanctified tour.
The Holy and Majestic One, Sovereign true,
In compassionate visits, this sacred place He'd strew.

The enchanting tree, untouchable, divine,
Until Ultimate Judgment, justice's sign.
Bestowed upon the virtuous, the modest few,
In that destined moment, when judgments accrue.

Its produce, life unto the elect would bring,
Roots to the north, in a consecrated spring.
Adjacent to the Lord's abode so grand,
The Immortal Monarch's sacred land.

Savoring the tree's scent, revelry untold,
Delight and exuberance in this sacred fold.
Their very essence, imbued and divine,
An extended existence, where virtues shine.

Devoid of anguish, distress, labor's weight,
Retribution's shadow, not their fate.
Enoch extolled the Sovereign of Radiance true,
The Everlasting King, orchestrating gifts anew.

Boons for the virtuous, conceived with care,
Gifts to honor, in this sacred air.
Enoch's praise echoed, in the sacred space,
For the Lord's grace, in this fragrant embrace.

From fire's mountain to sacred thrones,
Enoch's journey, where destiny hones.
Aromatic trees in a consecrated dance,

The fragrance of virtue, in this cosmic expanse.

The Ends of the Earth

To Earth's midpoint, Enoch strode with grace,
A blessed place, a well-watered space.
A felled tree, yet branches alive,
New growth, a testament, life does revive.

A Holy mountain with water's flow,
To the east, the liquid's gentle show.
Equal in height, another stands,
A narrow valley, nature's hands.

To the west, a lower mount,
Valleys deep, their stories count.
Solid rock beneath, trees in their sway,
Enoch amazed by this rocky display.

Valleys arid, with a depth profound,
Narrow paths, solid ground.
Trees in the valleys, nature's own,
Enoch beholding, a sight to be shown.

Enoch sought clarity, understanding the land,
Trees abundant, valleys so grand.
Raphael, Divine Angel, did unfold,
Damned valley's tale, where the wicked are told.

Reserved for the disrespectful, the ones who defied,
Disrespected the Lord, in arrogance they abide.
An assembly point for eternal fate,
Their judgment awaits, their destined state.

As end times approach, just retribution's tale,

Virtuous witnessing, the wicked's travail.
Compassionate hearts, extol the Lord's grace,
Observing the wicked, their final embrace.

Enoch praised the Lord of Splendor high,
Recalling His greatness fittingly nigh.
Eastward he ventured, to the wilderness's core,
Desolation met him, yet beauty galore.

Trees from seeds, water from above,
Torrents streaming, a testament of love.
Mist and dew, from all directions, they came,
Nature's dance, a mystical flame.

Further eastward, fragrant trees unfold,
Scent of incense, myrrh untold.
Enoch journeyed, valleys of water near,
Splendid trees, fragrances clear.

A splendid tree, fragrance like mastic,
Cinnamon trees along the water's pick.
Eastward he traveled, his steps aligned,
Discovering nature's secrets, beautifully designed.

Mountains adorned with fragrant trees,
Styrax and galbanum, sweet symphonies.
Aloe trees with almond-like fruit,
Beyond the mountains, nature's pursuit.

Enoch looked northward, seven mountains in sight,
Fine nard, fragrant trees, a wondrous light.
Crossing summits, eastward he strides,
Red Sea passed, where the angel abides.

Garden of Righteousness, a sacred retreat,
Majestic trees, wisdom's seat.

Trees of Wisdom, their fruit grants insight,
Enoch admires, in nature's light.

A tree resembling the carob, grape-like fruit,
A far-reaching fragrance, nature's tribute.
Enoch praises the Lord of Glory high,
For the Tree of Wisdom, beneath the sky.

Enoch to Earth's farthest reaches then turned,
Diverse animals, distinct birds discerned.
To the east, Earth's extremities he found,
Three open Gates, from Heaven's ground.

North winds emerge, with cold and hail,
Hoarfrost, snow, dew, and rain prevail.
Enoch counts the Gates, guided by Uriel's lore,
Stars' laws and names, the details he bore.

Westward journey, Earth's extremities in view,
Three open Gates, an enchanting cue.
Southward then, Enoch makes his way,
Three open Gates, where the south winds sway.

Dew, rain, wind, from Heaven's store,
South winds emanate, nature's lore.
Eastward he moves, to Heaven's terminus,
Three eastern Gates, a sight miraculous.

Smaller Gates above, stars' procession,
Westward they move, their celestial confession.
Enoch overwhelmed, by wonders profound,
Blessings bestowed, his intentions sound.

Continuous praise, to the Lord of Glory,
Magnificent wonders, a celestial story.
Angels and souls, all creatures adore,
The Lord's mighty deeds, forevermore.

Enoch's journey, a cosmic embrace,
Showcasing grandeur, in every space.
Praises and adoration, to the Lord on high,
For His extraordinary power, under the sky.

The First Parable

Enoch, born of Jared, in lineage divine,
Of Malalel's descent, in wisdom to shine.
Progeny of Cainan, offspring of Enosh fair,
From Seth's lineage, a tale to declare.

Descendant of Adam, the primal root,
In visions profound, his destiny to salute.
A seer of truths, a sage in the sand,
His words like whispers from a celestial band.

This second sight, a vision of wisdom grand,
Shared with those on the arid land.
"Listen, O ancient ones, heed my voice,
For divine utterances, in your hearts,
rejoice."

A tale of wisdom, not withheld or denied,
Through insights bestowed, in God's will
abide.
Three allegories unfolded, Enoch's decree,
A voice raised, to those dwelling free.

The Initial Parable, the Assembly's emergence,
Virtuous and wrongdoers, their fate's
resurgence.
The Righteous One, their actions weighed,
As dawn illuminates, and destinies are laid.

The wrongdoers cast away, from the arid
expanse,
Their residence sought, but in vain,
perchance.
A better fate for those who never came to be,
Than face the judgment, cast away they'll see.

Earthly rulers, their power wanes,
Dethroned, barred from celestial domains.
No more to behold the Heavenly faces,
As brilliance abounds in celestial spaces.

In the days to come, prophecy foretold,
Chosen offspring, from realms untold.
Enoch entrusted with scrolls of wrath,
A proclamation of doom on an ungodly path.

Clouds and winds, a sudden lift,
Enoch transported, a celestial shift.
Revelation unfolds, the Home of the Righteous,
Celestial Entities, their plea is gracious.

Angelic residences, resting spots divine,
Implore and seek mercy, their voices entwine.
Justice flows, a river pure,
Kindness abundant, forevermore.

The Home of the Virtuous, in righteousness thrives,
Their number infinite, as eternity survives.
Refuge under the wings of the Lord,
Radiant flames, their praise outpoured.

Enoch's heart desires the sanctuary's embrace,
His spirit aspires to that heavenly place.
Destiny set, by the Lord's grand plan,
To uplift and commend, in His name, Enoch stands.

Blessings showered, praises sung,
To the Lord of Glory, the immortal One.
Enoch's visage transformed, unidentifiable,
In the presence of celestial hymns, undeniable.

A vast assembly, myriad upon myriad,

Before the Lord of Spirits, luminous and storied.
Four entities at vertices, distinct and clear,
Their harmonious chants, the divine you can hear.

Merciful Michael, benevolent and kind,
Raphael presides, afflictions to bind.
Sacred Gabriel, potent forces in sway,
Phanuel oversees contrition's hopeful bay.

Sentinels of the Supreme Lord,
Their resonances in accord.
Balance of Assessment, rulership's divide,
Human actions weighed, on justice's tide.

Residence of the Elect, shrines of the Sanctified,
Those who reject, expelled from the side.
Hidden truths revealed, lightning's gleam,
Thunder's rumble, a celestial dream.

Wind's spread, across the globe it roams,
Clouds and dew, their origins and homes.
Well-guarded vaults, breezes set free,
Hail, fog, vapors, a celestial decree.

Sun and Moon, their cycles unfold,
Departures and returns, stories retold.
One surpasses the other in honor and grace,
Their mutual pledge, in celestial space.

The Sun's journey, guided by the Lord,
Moon's course shines for the virtuous, adored.
Luminous Sun, phases diverse,
Moon cloaked in shadow for those who traverse.

Enoch witnesses, in the Lord's name,

Light from darkness, spirits of the virtuous,
their fame.
No Angel stands in the way,
The Arbitrator dispenses His verdict, come
what may.

Wisdom sought refuge, found her home,
In the Heavens, where virtues roam.
Humans rejected her, no shelter to provide,
Wisdom turned back, in the angelic tide.

Wrongdoing stepped out, met those unforeseen,
Rain in dry lands, dew on soil so keen.
Celestial flashes, Stars of the Sky,
Each named, each responding, as they fly.

Balance of Justice, brilliance they display,
Territories vast, their emergences portray.
Movements creating flares, orbits aligned,
Trustworthiness among them, virtues bind.

Enoch curious, seeking truth,
Guiding Angel reveals, his queries soothe.
Names of the virtuous, the barren land's
grace,
Trust in the Lord of Spirits, their eternal
embrace.

Lightning's occurrence, stars in their might,
Morphing into bolts, a celestial sight.
Retaining their shape, in the cosmic dance,
A tale of wonders, in Enoch's trance.

In the heavenly realms, Enoch delves,
Partition of rulership, where justice dwells.
Human actions weighed on the Balance's scale,
Celestial mysteries unfold, in wisdom's trail.

In visions grand, Enoch's journey unfolds,

A cosmic tale, in poetic molds.
Ancient words, divine and wise,
Echo through time, where eternity lies.

The Second Parable

The Son of Man, The Messiah

In epochs long past, when Enoch, born of
Jared, in the lineage of ancient kin,
A seer of wisdom, gazed into the boundless
sky, where divine whispers begin.
From the arid expanse, his voice arose, a
herald of the ethereal decree,
To the ancient and those unborn, his
revelations flowed like a sacred sea.

The Vision of Wisdom unfurled, an allegory of
ages, the celestial lore,
Descendant of Adam, Enoch stood, favored by
the Lord of Spirits evermore.
He spoke of parables, veiled truths, from the
parched land's solitary span,
In the presence of the Lord, Enoch began,
recounting the divine plan.

Three allegories laid bare, a symphony of
fate, unveiled by insight's hand,
Echoing through the eons, the Virtuous
Assembly, the wrongdoers banned.
As dawn illuminates the chosen, the Righteous
One adjudicates,
Weighing deeds, casting out the wicked, as
celestial justice resonates.

Earthly rulers stripped of might, celestial
brilliance cloaked in holy light,

In the Home of the Righteous, Enoch glimpsed,
sanctuaries of the celestial height.
Prophesied descent of sacred kin, Enoch
entrusted with scrolls of wrath,
Clouds and wind lifted him, unveiling realms
beyond Earth's earthly path.

In the celestial sanctuary, angelic abodes, a
river of justice, kindness flowed,
Envoys for humanity pled, Celestial Beings in
righteousness bestowed.
Enraptured, Enoch witnessed the righteous
refuge, sheltered under divine wings,
Radiant flames of the chosen, blessings
voiced, a celestial choir that forever sings.

In the dance of cosmic entities, four voices
resonated, in divine harmony,
Merciful Michael, Raphael for afflictions,
Gabriel over forces, Phanuel's decree.
The Angel of Peace unfolded, mysteries encoded
in voices pure,
Guiding Enoch through realms, celestial echoes
that would endure.

Enlightened, Enoch beheld celestial realms,
the Balance of Assessment's gaze,
The Elect's residence, Sanctified shrines, the
unveiling of cosmic ways.
He discerned lightning's gleam, thunder's
roar, winds' journey, clouds' embrace,
Origins of dew, guarded vaults of hail,
revelations cascading, wisdom's grace.

Wisdom sought Earth's abode, but humans
offered no sanctuary,
Retreating to angelic hosts, wisdom found
refuge in celestial glee.

Wrongdoing, on the other hand, roamed freely,
settling among the forsaken,
Rain in dry lands, dew on thirsty soils, the
dichotomy of choices unshaken.

Celestial flashes, Stars of the Sky, each
named and responsive,
Justice's balance, brilliance, territories,
orbits, movements explosive.
Enlightened, Enoch queried, celestial secrets
revealed to the astute,
Names of virtuous dwellers etched in stars, in
the Lord's name, resolute.

Visions unfolded, a narrative in prose adorned
with poetic grace,
Enoch's journey through celestial realms, a
timeless tale to embrace.
Mysteries unfurled, ancient truths, the dance
of entities foreseen,
In rhythmic verses, Enoch's saga, the cosmic
ballet, supreme.

The Second Parable emerged, a prophecy of
those who deny,
The Name of the Sanctified Dwelling, the Lord
of Spirits high.
No ascent to Heavens, no tread on Earth for
those who scorn,
Designated for the Day of Distress, fate
sealed, destiny worn.

The Elect One ascends the Throne of Splendor,
deeds assessed,
Vast dwellings for the righteous, a
transformation divinely blessed.
Blessed Earth, abode for the chosen, sinners
barred,

Judgment imminent, wrongdoers erased, from
existence scarred.

An entity akin to the Ancient of Days, a
visage radiant and pure,
The Son of Man, embodiment of righteousness,
destiny sure.
Enlightened by the Angel, Enoch queried the
Son's origin,
Destined to awaken kings, shatter sinners'
strength, their reigns begin.

Dethroned kings, humbled, shame enveloping
their might,
Darkness their dwelling, worms their rest, a
fate infinite.
Judges of Stars, foes of the Most High,
expelled from divine grace,
Their strength in riches, idols their trust,
repudiation of Spirits' face.

Entreaties of the virtuous rise, celestial
hymns in perfect accord,
A union nurtured by sacrifices, prayers of the
righteous toward
The Eternal Elder on the Throne of
Magnificence, Chronicles unfold,
Angel retinue rejoices, justice achieved,
innocence upheld.

Perpetual Wellspring of Justice, Fountains of
Insight cascade,
Upright, Sacred, and Elect, their thirst for
enlightenment laid.
The Son of Man recognized, destiny proclaimed
to the Timeless Elder,
Before the Sun's forging, His designation set,
a fate to smolder.

A Guiding Radiance, kings awakened, sinners shattered,
Dethroned rulers, dominions removed, their might battered.
Eternal Daylight, virtuous transformed,
Earth's jubilant song,
Adversity strikes, sinners suffer, repentance compels the throng.

Earth unveils treasures, underworld yields captives, devastation's duty,
The just and divine singled out, redemption's eve, spiritual beauty.
The Elected One ascends, profound insights from His counsel flow,
Retribution for the innocent, divine retribution in the Lord's glow.

Enoch's gaze to the west, uncovering the Mysteries of the Sky,
Mountains rich in metals, tools for the Anointed, realms to rely.
Tools designated for dominion, elements softened in the Son's sway,
Iron, copper, silver, gold, alloy, and lead bow to His dominion, obey.

A vast abyss, insatiable, offerings from land, seas, and isles,
The wicked consume, righteous toil, eternal exile, retribution files.
Punishment Angels forge tools, linked to Satan's treacherous name,
Earth's rulers and leaders, chains for their downfall, a celestial claim.

Entreaties rise, voices unified, bowing to the Lord of Spirits' might,

A Second Parable concludes, Enoch's visions in poetic flight.
In the dance of epochs, the tale unfolds, a cosmic ballet,
Enoch's journey through celestial realms, a timeless odyssey in the divine relay.

The Third Parable

In a realm where time unfurls its endless scroll,
The righteous and chosen souls find their destined role.
Blessed are they, bathed in virtue's radiant light,
A glorious fate awaits, beyond the confines of night.

Under the sun's warm glow, the virtuous shall dwell,
In timeless days, where joy and peace shall swell.
Guided by the Lord of Spirits, wisdom they shall gain,
Righteousness and harmony, their eternal reign.

A revelation descends, to celestial holy ones it speaks,
Disclosing hidden virtues, the legacy it seeks.
Brilliance matching Earth's sun, shadows fade away,
An everlasting glow, dispelling night's dismay.

Enlightened, Enoch beholds the essence of lightning bright,
Judgments in thunder's roar, echoing through the night.
Secrets of lights and thunderous wonders unfold,
A cosmic symphony, a celestial story to be told.

In Enoch's five hundredth year, a vision takes flight,
A seismic dance in the heavens, a celestial rite.
Countless angels, turmoil in their divine assembly,
A deep unrest, a cosmic symphony.

Archangel Michael, in splendor on his throne,
Lifts Enoch, whose spirit to fear is prone.
A day of power and vengeance nears,
Judgments proclaimed, echoing cosmic fears.

Two beings, Leviathan and Behemoth bold,
Sent to realms, mysteries to unfold.
Enoch queries, their essence to unmask,
Guiding angels reveal, an otherworldly task.

Measurements with ropes, angels take flight,
Determining dimensions, balancing the cosmic light.
Celestial beings unite in a harmonious voice,
Declaring blessings, celestial realms rejoice.

Son of Man on a throne, kings in dread,
Fair judgment unfolds, the mighty misled.
Torment engulfs the wicked, in the Once Hidden's gaze,
The virtuous liberated, in celestial blaze.

Metamorphosis, wisdom gained in celestial sight,
Shimmering like stars, in eternal light.
Influential beings yearn, fleeting grace they seek,
Spurned by the Lord, darkness they'll meet.

Revelations to the virtuous and the chosen,

The Elect One recognized, celestial prose
frozen.
Noah witnesses degradation, seeks Enoch's
lore,
Fiery gorge, angelic punishment, celestial
lore.

Divine revelation, impending flood's roar,
Noah's ark, rebirth from cosmic core.
Enoch's wisdom shared, Parables' embrace,
Michael's dread, celestial truths to face.

Fallen angels revealed, deeds now unsealed,
Influence on humanity's fate, darkly
congealed.
Enoch's dialogue with Noah, insights profound,
Guiding the virtuous, destiny unbound.

Enoch's declaration, vow's mysteries profound,
Celestial elements' paths in cosmic round.
Son of Man on the throne, erasing decay's
strife,
The Enochian Epic, celestial tale of life.

In moments captured, eyes witness grand
design,
Angels bestowed with ropes, measuring divine.
Guided by a voice, a celestial proclamation,
Dimensions and destinies, in cosmic narration.

Celestial beings gather, united in a chorus,
Blessings and praises, an ethereal forest.
The Chosen One crowned in celestial array,
Deeds evaluated in the Lord's grand display.

Probing concealed routes, scrutinizing the
journey,
In collective chorus, celestial beings
journey.

Cherubim, Seraphim, Ophanim unite,
Pronouncing blessings, celestial delight.

Inhabitants amplify His greatness,
Sanctified beings extol Him in vastness.
Luminous spirits honor and praise,
Eternal homage, voices in a cosmic maze.

The compassion of the Lord vast and wide,
Forbearance limitless, revealed with pride.
All creations known to the virtuous and
chosen,
In the Lord's name, wisdom in hearts frozen.

Proclamation to kings and residents below,
"Unveil your eyes, recognize the Elect One's
glow."
Seated in splendor, Son of Man's grandeur,
Words bearing demise, righteous law's cure.

Kings, rulers, and guardians in awe,
Witness the Son of Man, fair judgment's law.
Torment and suffering, a woman's labor pain,
In His splendor, the unrighteous hearts
strain.

Monarchs prostrate, exalt the Paramount King,
Once Hidden One's greatness, a cosmic fling.
Chosen and sanctified, in celestial embrace,
The virtuous and elect find eternal grace.

In garments of majesty, the elect ascend,
Robes bestowed by the Lord, pristine, no end.
Metamorphosis, wisdom blooms like a flower,
Shimmering in sunlight, celestial power.

The virtuous' visages aglow with delight,
Infinite lifespan, in eternal light.
The celestial narrative unfolds its grandeur,

A tale of transformation, cosmic fervor.

In that era, sovereigns plead for respite,
From avenging angels, in divine light.
Prostrate before the Lord, seeking mercy's hand,
Confessing transgressions in the celestial land.

The Lord's spurn, expulsion from grace,
Disgrace marks their visage, in obscurity they face.
Entrusted to angels for justice's decree,
A display for the virtuous, celestial glee.

In hidden realms, entities emerge,
Angelic names, a celestial surge.
Secrets unveiled, wisdom bestowed,
Guiding humanity on a cosmic road.

Noah witnesses Earth's degradation,
Seeks Enoch's guidance, cosmic narration.
Earth's perilous state, voices of grief,
Enoch's wisdom sought, offering relief.

Enoch, with sorrow in his voice,
Reveals the angels' deeds, a cosmic choice.
Misguided by secrets, dark powers they unveil,
A pact sealed, cosmic order set to sail.

Judgment through subterranean waters' might,
Angelic forces ready, in celestial flight.
Overseeing the waters, angels of retribution,
A cosmic flood, cleansing Earth's pollution.

A divine revelation to Noah's ears,
Pure fate defined by compassion and tears.
An ark takes shape, shielded by the divine,
Life to sprout, rebirth in the cosmic design.

The angels who erred, confined in a fiery gorge,
A celestial spectacle, punishment's surge.
A sulfurous aroma, a valley ablaze,
A cosmic display, in fiery embrace.

Waters, healers of physical maladies,
Yet a reprimand for the soul's inadequacies.
Transformation unfolds in spiritual pain,
A cosmic journey, waters' celestial reign.

Enoch imparts Parables' wisdom profound,
Translated into script, a cosmic sound.
Michael, overwhelmed by judgment's decree,
Who can withstand the cosmic plea?

Angels' names echo, a celestial chant,
Leaders, hundreds, tens, in divine enchant.
Jeqon, Asbeel, Gadreel, and more,
Angelic deeds, cosmic lore.

Samjaza, Artaqifa, Armen, and Kokabel,
Leaders of angels, a cosmic fable.
Penemue reveals, Kasdeja unveils,
Celestial knowledge, humanity trails.

Kasbeel beseeches, Michael guards,
Celestial secrets, in judgment's yards.
Enoch's journey through cosmic dimensions,
A saga of angels, celestial intentions.

Celestial beings with scales in hand,
Measuring Earth's cosmic strand.
Wisdom's revelation in Parables' prose,
Enoch's legacy, celestial woes.

Wisdom sought in the cosmic dance,
Eternal truths in each circumstance.

Celestial realms and Earth's embrace,
Enoch's legacy, a cosmic grace.

The Enochian Epic, a tale untold,
In cosmic realms, mysteries unfold.
Enoch's journey, a celestial flight,
Guiding the chosen, in eternal light.

In divine prose, Enochian scrolls unroll,
A cosmic narrative, a celestial stroll.
Majestic beings and earthly strife,
Enoch's legacy, celestial life.

In the cosmic realm where angels soar,
Enoch's wisdom, a celestial lore.
Parables unfold in a cosmic dance,
Guiding the chosen, in celestial trance.

Lifted on the Chariots of the Spirit

In the expansive tapestry of time and space,
A tale unfolds, of Enoch's celestial embrace.
Upon Earth, his name resounds with grace,
A Son of Man, his celestial trace.

Lifted on chariots of the spirit's flight,
Eternal realms unfold in heavenly light.
Between North and West, where angels mark,
Spaces for the chosen, in the cosmic ark.

Original ancestors, in that sacred place,
Virtuous souls, a celestial race.
Enrobed in purity, timeless and prime,
In the embrace of the eternal paradigm.

Ascension beckons, a transformation vast,
Spirit soaring, in the heavens cast.
Holy sons of God, on flames they tread,
Luminous robes, a celestial thread.

Two streams of fire, a hyacinth hue,
Enigmatic visions, a cosmic view.
Prostrate, before the Lord of Spirits' might,
Enlightened by celestial insight.

Archangel Michael, in the foremost flight,
Grasps Enoch's hand, dispelling night.
Through enigmas guided, mysteries unfold,
Righteousness revealed, in tales of old.

Celestial bounds, chambers untold,
Stars and luminaries, their stories unfold.
Transported to the highest heavens' door,
A crystal structure, the heart implores.

Living fire flickers, tongues of flame,
A celestial belt, in cosmic acclaim.
Seraphim, Cherubim, Ophanim stand,
Guardians who never sleep, in the cosmic land.

Innumerable angels, myriad upon myriad,
Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, in glory carried.
The Ancient of Days, with a head of wool,
Indescribable garments, celestial rule.

Enoch falls, body relaxed, spirit transformed,
Transcending realms, a celestial norm.
A voice resounds, blessings unfold,
In the sight of the Ancient, a story told.

The Son of Man, in the missing verse,
Identity questioned, angels converse.
"This is the Son of Man, righteousness born,
Upheld by righteousness, from creation's
morn."

The angel speaks, peace in the future's name,
Emanating from creation's flame.
Paths of righteousness, never to forsake,
Inseparable for ages, a celestial stake.

Days of extended existence unfold,
The righteous find peace, stories untold.
In the name of the Lord of Spirits' decree,
Enoch's journey, a cosmic legacy.

Beyond the realms of earthly time,
Enoch's spirit weaves a cosmic rhyme.
In thousandfold verses, the story unfolds,
A celestial odyssey, where eternity molds.

Celestial chariots and realms untold,
Echoes of righteousness, in tales unrolled.

Onward, Enoch travels through the cosmic sea,
A narrative epic, in eternity's decree.

Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Phanuel,
Celestial companions in the cosmic well.
Uncountable angels, a celestial tide,
In the dwelling of glory, where stars abide.

The Ancient of Days, a majestic sight,
With head white as wool, in celestial light.
In the embrace of time, the story unwinds,
A celestial tapestry, where eternity finds.

Enoch's voice echoes, in a resounding cry,
Blessed, glorified, reaching the cosmic sky.
The Son of Man, righteous and true,
In the Ancient's presence, a celestial view.

Days of extended existence unfold,
As the righteous find peace, stories untold.
In the name of the Lord of Spirits' decree,
A cosmic ballad, echoing through eternity.

With each verse, the celestial saga grows,
Enoch's journey, where the celestial river
flows.
A dance of Seraphim, Cherubim in flight,
In the cosmic dwelling, where angels alight.

The Son of Man, in righteousness born,
A celestial promise, from creation's morn.
Upheld by righteousness, a timeless decree,
In the embrace of the Ancient, eternally free.

As Enoch journeys through celestial gates,
A cosmic choir, the narrative elevates.
Days of extended existence, a celestial song,
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, where all
belong.

The Son of Man, a beacon of light,
Guiding the righteous through celestial night.
Paths of righteousness, an eternal bond,
In the cosmic dance, where angels respond.

In the dwelling of glory, angels emerge,
Michael and Gabriel, celestial surge.
Raphael and Phanuel, in their company,
A celestial symphony, in cosmic unity.

The Ancient of Days, with garments untold,
A celestial vision, in purity enrolled.
Thousands upon thousands, uncountable host,
In the cosmic dwelling, where glory boasts.

Approaching Enoch, the angel speaks,
"This is the Son of Man," the celestial peaks.
Born into righteousness, upheld in grace,
A cosmic promise, in the eternal embrace.

Peace in the future's name, a celestial decree,
Emanating since creation, eternally free.
Paths of righteousness, never to sever,
Inseparable for ages, a celestial endeavor.

Days of extended existence, a celestial hymn,
Where the righteous find peace, in glory's brim.
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, forever and ever,
Enoch's journey, a cosmic endeavor.

The celestial ballad unfolds, in verses untold,
A cosmic tapestry, where stories are scrolled.
Enoch's journey, a celestial decree,
In the cosmic dance, where eternity is free.

Celestial chariots and realms unfold,
In the narrative epic, where tales are told.
Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Phanuel,
Celestial companions, in the cosmic well.

Uncountable angels, in myriad array,
In the dwelling of glory, where stars hold sway.
The Ancient of Days, in garments pure,
A celestial presence, forever secure.

As Enoch falls, in celestial grace,
Body relaxed, spirit finds its place.
Transcending realms, a celestial norm,
In the cosmic dance, where eternity forms.

A voice resounds, in the celestial choir,
Blessed, glorified, reaching higher.
Days of extended existence, in cosmic rhyme,
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, through space and time.

The Son of Man, in the missing verse,
Identity revealed, in the celestial hearse.
"This is the Son of Man, born in grace,
Upheld by righteousness, in creation's embrace."

The angel speaks, in a celestial tongue,
Peace in the future's name, forever young.
Paths of righteousness, a cosmic song,
Inseparable for ages, where the righteous belong.

Days of extended existence, a celestial decree,
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, eternally free.

Enoch's journey, a celestial tale,
In the cosmic dance, where eternity prevails.

Beyond the realms of earthly time,
Enoch's spirit, in celestial rhyme.
A thousandfold verses, in the cosmic sea,
A celestial odyssey, where eternity weaves.

Celestial chariots and realms unfold,
Echoes of righteousness, in tales untold.
Onward, Enoch travels through the cosmic tide,
A narrative epic, in eternity's guide.

Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Phanuel,
Celestial companions, tales to tell.
Uncountable angels, in cosmic array,
In the dwelling of glory, where stars hold sway.

The Ancient of Days, a majestic sight,
With head white as wool, in celestial light.
In the embrace of time, the story unfolds,
A celestial tapestry, where eternity molds.

Enoch's voice echoes, in a resounding cry,
Blessed, glorified, reaching the cosmic sky.
The Son of Man, righteous and true,
In the Ancient's presence, a celestial view.

Days of extended existence unfold,
As the righteous find peace, stories untold.
In the name of the Lord of Spirits' decree,
A cosmic ballad, echoing through eternity.

With each verse, the celestial saga grows,
Enoch's journey, where the celestial river flows.
A dance of Seraphim, Cherubim in flight,
In the cosmic dwelling, where angels alight.

The Son of Man, in righteousness born,
A celestial promise, from creation's morn.
Upheld by righteousness, a timeless decree,
In the embrace of the Ancient, eternally free.

As Enoch journeys through celestial gates,
A cosmic choir, the narrative elevates.
Days of extended existence, a celestial song,
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, where all belong.

The Son of Man, a beacon of light,
Guiding the righteous through celestial night.
Paths of righteousness, an eternal bond,
In the cosmic dance, where angels respond.

In the dwelling of glory, angels emerge,
Michael and Gabriel, celestial surge.
Raphael and Phanuel, in their company,
A celestial symphony, in cosmic unity.

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A celestial vision, in purity enrolled.
Thousands upon thousands, uncountable host,
In the cosmic dwelling, where glory boasts.

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Peace in the future's name, a celestial decree,
Emanating since creation, eternally free.
Paths of righteousness, never to sever,
Inseparable for ages, a celestial endeavor.

Days of extended existence, a celestial hymn,

Where the righteous find peace, in glory's brim.
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, forever and ever,
Enoch's journey, a cosmic endeavor.

The celestial ballad unfolds, in verses untold,
A cosmic tapestry, where stories are scrolled.
Enoch's journey, a celestial decree,
In the cosmic dance, where eternity is free.

Celestial chariots and realms unfold,
In the narrative epic, where tales are told.
Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Phanuel,
Celestial companions, in the cosmic well.

Uncountable angels, in myriad array,
In the dwelling of glory, where stars hold sway.
The Ancient of Days, in garments pure,
A celestial presence, forever secure.

As Enoch falls, in celestial grace,
Body relaxed, spirit finds its place.
Transcending realms, a celestial norm,
In the cosmic dance, where eternity forms.

A voice resounds, in the celestial choir,
Blessed, glorified, reaching higher.
Days of extended existence, in cosmic rhyme,
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, through space and time.

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Identity revealed, in the celestial hearse.
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Peace in the future's name, forever young.
Paths of righteousness, a cosmic song,
Inseparable for ages, where the righteous belong.

Days of extended existence, a celestial decree,
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, eternally free.
Enoch's journey, a celestial tale,
In the cosmic dance, where eternity prevails.

Beyond the realms of earthly time,
Enoch's spirit, in celestial rhyme.
A thousandfold verses, in the cosmic sea,
A celestial odyssey, where eternity weaves.

Celestial chariots and realms unfold,
Echoes of righteousness, in tales untold.
Onward, Enoch travels through the cosmic tide,
A narrative epic, in eternity's guide.

Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Phanuel,
Celestial companions, tales to tell.
Uncountable angels, in cosmic array,
In the dwelling of glory, where stars hold sway.

The Ancient of Days, a majestic sight,
With head white as wool, in celestial light.
In the embrace of time, the story unfolds,
A celestial tapestry, where eternity molds.

Enoch's voice echoes, in a resounding cry,
Blessed, glorified, reaching the cosmic sky.
The Son of Man, righteous and true,
In the Ancient's presence, a celestial view.

Days of extended existence unfold,
As the righteous find peace, stories untold.
In the name of the Lord of Spirits' decree,
A cosmic ballad, echoing through eternity.

With each verse, the celestial saga grows,
Enoch's journey, where the celestial river flows.
A dance of Seraphim, Cherubim in flight,
In the cosmic dwelling, where angels alight.

The Son of Man, in righteousness born,
A celestial promise, from creation's morn.
Upheld by righteousness, a timeless decree,
In the embrace of the Ancient, eternally free.

As Enoch journeys through celestial gates,
A cosmic choir, the narrative elevates.
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Paths of righteousness, an eternal bond,
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A celestial symphony, in cosmic unity.

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A celestial vision, in purity enrolled.
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Born into righteousness, upheld in grace,
A cosmic promise, in the eternal embrace.

Peace in the future's name, a celestial decree,
Emanating since creation, eternally free.
Paths of righteousness, never to sever,
Inseparable for ages, a celestial endeavor.

Days of extended existence, a celestial hymn,
Where the righteous find peace, in glory's brim.
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, forever and ever,
Enoch's journey, a cosmic endeavor.

The celestial ballad unfolds, in verses untold,
A cosmic tapestry, where stories are scrolled.
Enoch's journey, a celestial decree,
In the cosmic dance, where eternity is free.

Celestial chariots and realms unfold,
In the narrative epic, where tales are told.
Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Phanuel,
Celestial companions, in the cosmic well.

Uncountable angels, in myriad array,
In the dwelling of glory, where stars hold sway.
The Ancient of Days, in garments pure,
A celestial presence, forever secure.

As Enoch falls, in celestial grace,
Body relaxed, spirit finds its place.
Transcending realms, a celestial norm,
In the cosmic dance, where eternity forms.

A voice resounds, in the celestial choir,
Blessed, glorified, reaching higher.
Days of extended existence, in cosmic rhyme,
In the name of the Lord of Spirits, through space and time.

In the celestial expanse where stars waltz and nebulae whisper,
Enoch, the mortal dreamer, ascended on wings of ethereal light.
Amidst the divine firmament, the Ancient of Days unveiled,
A luminescent figure, the Son of Man, radiant in righteousness.

Approaching Enoch, an angel, a celestial minstrel of heavens,
His voice a celestial melody, a sonnet sung by seraphic choirs.
"Behold," he sang, "the Son of Man, born in the cradle of righteousness,
Anointed by virtue, cradled in the arms of the Ancient of Days."

Enraptured, Enoch, the seeker of truth,
queried the celestial bard,
"Who is this Son of Man, bathed in the effulgence of eternity?"
The angelic troubadour replied with serenity,
"He is the beacon of peace,
An emissary from the future, where serenity has danced since creation's dawn."

"He imparts unto you peace," the heavenly minstrel proclaimed,
"In the name of the world that awaits beyond the cosmic veil,

A peace born of celestial symphonies,
resonating through endless spheres,
Echoing since the inception of time, lingering through eternity."

The angelic guide painted the tapestry of destiny with his words,
"All shall tread the paths he walks, for righteousness is his constant companion.
Their destinies entwined with his, inseparable threads in the cosmic loom,
A saga of unity with the Son of Man, a hymn sung by the stars."

"Days of extended existence await this Son of Man," the celestial poet intoned,
"And the righteous, like petals unfolding to dawn's first light,
Shall know peace and righteousness in the eternal embrace of the Lord of Spirits,
For endless ages, a melody echoing through the corridors of celestial time."

The Revolutions of the Lights of Heaven

In the sacred tome of heavens writ, Enoch
soared on ethereal wings,
Guided by Uriel, a seraphic minstrel, through
celestial strings.
A cosmic dance unfolded, a revelation
profound,
Of heavenly lights' revolutions, in their
celestial playground.

The laws, the rules, the cycles divine,
Uriel unveiled, a celestial design.
The Sun, the grand luminary, a chariot in the
sky,
Six gates of east, six of west, in rhythmic
reply.

Ascending from the fourth portal, flames
ablaze,
Thirty morns it rises, in a dazzling blaze.
Day extending, night retreating, a celestial
decree,
On the thirtieth, daylight surpasses, a
celestial glee.

To the fifth portal, the Sun's chariot steers,
Thirty mornings, a dance that perseveres.
Eleven segments of day, seven of night,
A celestial ballet, a mesmerizing sight.

Onwards to the sixth, a unique affair,
Thirty-one morns, daylight a double share.
A cosmic journey through portals, a celestial
rhyme,
Day and night entwined, echoing through time.

From sixth to fifth, the Sun's journey
unfolds,
A dance of ten and eight, a story it molds.
Through the gates it moves, a celestial
traverse,
A dance of light, a cosmic reverse.

And thus, the celestial ballet unwinds,
From fifth to fourth, their destinies
entwined.
Equal day and night on that specific day,
A celestial rhythm in perpetual play.

The third portal's dance, a thirty-day tune,
Nights growing longer, as days wane soon.
To the second, the Sun's chariot flies,
Thirty days of cosmic ties.

Returning to the primary, a celestial embrace,
Thirty-one mornings, a dance in space.
Twelve segments of night, six of day,
A cosmic symphony, in a celestial array.

The Sun, the grand luminary, sixty loops it
weaves,
Radiant, unwavering, as eternity perceives.
Seven times the Moon's glow, in its cosmic
spree,
A celestial harmony, an eternal decree.

Then, the Moon, a lesser light, in the cosmic
ballet,
Her vessel propelled by the celestial way.
At dawn, at dusk, her glow does sway,
In cosmic rhythms, a celestial display.

Asonja, Ebla, Benase, and Erae,
Four names she bears, in the cosmic ballet.

Her days akin to the Sun's celestial tune,
A dance of light, in the celestial dune.

Uriel, the guide, reveals the lunar lore,
Thirty and twenty-nine, the lunar score.
A dance of waxing, a waning moon,
A celestial rhythm, in eternal tune.

In the eighth year's span, a celestial rhyme,
Sun and Moon, in perfect time.
Leaders overseeing, in heavenly delight,
A celestial ballet, in the cosmic night.

The gates of wind, twelve in the celestial dome,
Blessings and ruin, from their heavenly home.
East, west, south, north, their cosmic lore,
Winds of blessing, winds of uproar.

From the first, the east wind's devastation,
Drought and heat, a cosmic aberration.
In the south, a hot wind's fiery breath,
Aromatic breezes in the south's sweet heath.

The northern winds, in their cosmic flight,
Dew and rain, in the celestial light.
From west to east, their celestial art,
Winds of ruin, tearing worlds apart.

Twelve gateways, a cosmic design,
Winds and blessings, in rhythmic line.
Seven mountains towering high,
Frost's origin, where time passes by.

Seven rivers, grander than earthly streams,
Flowing through celestial dreams.
Islands five, in the Grand Sea's embrace,
A cosmic journey, in a celestial chase.

The sun bears two names, Tomas and Orjares,
The moon, with four, in celestial airs.
Their boundary vast, their proportions alike,
In the cosmic canvas, a celestial hike.

Uriel, the guide, the celestial sage,
Reveals the laws of the cosmic stage.
The celestial bodies, a grand ballet,
In cosmic realms, they forever sway.

In the age of wrongdoers, a cosmic shift,
Years shortening, a celestial rift.
Crops delayed in lands below,
An earthly dance, in a cosmic flow.

Rains sparse, skies reluctant, a celestial ballet,
An earthly realm in cosmic disarray.
Crops delayed, trees bearing late,
A cosmic tale, in an earthly state.

The moon in disarray, a cosmic change,
Her cycle altered, in rhythms strange.
Sun in the west, an intense light,
A cosmic anomaly, in the earthly night.

Star leaders deviate, a cosmic surprise,
In paths and duties, a celestial guise.
Hidden from wrongdoers, the celestial art,
Misguided beliefs, tearing worlds apart.

Wickedness surges, a cosmic toll,
Penalties severe, in the celestial scroll.
A cosmic reckoning, a celestial might,
In the age of wrongdoers, a celestial fight.

Visions of the Future

In a time long past, when celestial records unfurled,
Enoch, seer of visions, a tale began to twirl.
Bidden by a voice divine, "Examine, Enoch, these scrolls,
Read with care the tales they tell, each word and meaning whole."

He looked upon those pages, secrets to unfold,
Human history, past and future, a story yet untold.
Every soul that trod the Earth, every life to be,
Engraved upon celestial sheets, for Enoch's eyes to see.

Overwhelmed, he sang a hymn, to the Lord who crafted all,
The eternal King, whose wonders upon the Earth befall.
For patience in the face of man, the Lord he did praise,
For His mercy toward humanity, Enoch's voice did raise.

"Farewell to those whose lives are just and righteous to the core,
No record of their sins shall mar their passage evermore.
Fortunate, indeed, the soul that leaves this world behind,
With deeds of virtue graced, in judgment, solace they shall find."

Seven sacred beings then appeared, guides to Enoch's home,
"Share with Methuselah," they said, "before your days are done.
For in a year, you'll leave this realm, your words must find a place,
Inscribe the wisdom that you hold, your legacy to trace."

Enoch, resolute, proclaimed, "Stay steadfast, virtuous hearts,
For the just shall find each other, no matter when life departs.
Celebrate your righteousness, in mutual words declare,
But wrongdoers shall face their fate, and with their kind, despair."

The righteous might perish, by the deeds of others swept,
In the tide of ungodliness, their fate, by sinners, crept.
Words ceased, and Enoch returned, his people to adore,
Praising the Creator of the world, forever and evermore.

To Methuselah, his son, Enoch turned his gaze,
"Detailing all these matters, to you, my words I raise.
Wisdom, profound and ancient, a gift for all to share,
Passed through ages and ages, a legacy to bear."

Details of the luminaries, months, and days unfold,
Uriel, guide of sun and stars, their paths he does hold.

Patterns in the heavens, distinct and finely traced,
Leaders for the seasons, in celestial dance embraced.

Enoch promised visions, to Methuselah's heir,
Two visions before his wed, moments beyond compare.
A white bull rising from the earth, visions vast and deep,
Prophecies of Earth's destiny, a tale for ages to keep.

Stars falling from the heavens, unnatural unions unfold,
Creatures strange and bizarre, a story to be told.
Angels wronged, humanity corrupted, God's wrath foreseen,
Enoch's eyes, witness to a cosmic, unfolding scene.

A tower tall and mighty, mysterious knowledge learned,
A bull transformed to man, the earth in water yearned.
Animals and birds born, wolves oppress the meek,
Sheep and wolves in conflict, the Lord's judgment, dark and bleak.

Enoch's dreams continued, visions strange and wild,
White beings from heaven, abyss and fiery trial.
Fallen stars and shepherds, seventy in their toll,
Judgment and fiery abyss, the narrative did unroll.

Sheep as warriors, a sword in their hand,
Wild creatures and birds, they fought to withstand.
A new dwelling, a tower, a bull with mighty horns,
Transformation of creatures, a scene Enoch mourns.

A dream within a dream, shepherds judged and tried,
Stars condemned to fire, in a flaming tide.
Earth split open, a fiery abyss below,
Sheep judged and consumed, a sight of woe.

An aged structure dismantled, a new one to replace,
A spacious edifice with novel pillars to embrace.
White bulls and untarnished sheep, a vision pure,
A tale of transformation, of sin's ultimate cure.

The narrator awoke, tears streaming down his face,
A tale profound, a vision's grace.
Blessings upon the Lord of Righteousness he sung,
A saga of celestial visions, through the ages it rung.

Enoch wept, for visions dark and bright,
His dreams revealed the cosmic dance of day and night.
A tale retold in poetry's embrace,
Of Enoch's visions, a celestial chase.

The Ten Weeks

In the eon's twilight, Methuselah, sage of old,
Summoned kin and brethren, a prophecy to unfold.
A voice, a spirit, whispered of fate untold,
An eternal destiny, in mystic verses to be scrolled.

"Methuselah, gather your brothers near,
A tale of epochs, a destiny to revere."
Heeding the call, the kin drew near,
To the wise patriarch, their hearts sincere.

"Children, heed my words, in righteousness stand,
Shun duplicity, let virtue be your guiding hand.
Wickedness will persist, a scourge upon the land,
Punishments severe, by the heavens, preplanned."

Assembled kin, in awe, Methuselah beseeched,
"Commit to virtue, let righteousness be preached.
Wickedness, like a serpent, shall be leached,
Yet, it shall resurface, its dark power reached."

"When sin multiplies, and evil's shadow cast,
Retribution descends, a judgment vast.
From the heavens, divine wrath amassed,
The Lord's anger, in righteous fire, broadcast."

"In those times of sin, blasphemy's dire shout,
Betrayal, impurity, wickedness about.
Heavenly retribution, a thunderous clout,
The Lord's judgment, a cleansing route."

"Evil eradicated, from its foundation torn,
Deceit and sin, from the skies are borne.
Idols abandoned, in fiery scorn,
Flames of judgment, an eternal morn."

"Towers crumble, in flames they sway,
Nations' idols, in ash, decay.
A never-ending condemnation, their dismay,
A fiery judgment, none shall allay."

"Righteous souls awaken, wisdom their guide,
The roots of sin severed, evil's tide.
An era of justice, where wrongdoers hide,
The righteous prevail, virtue as their pride."

"Culmination of the eighth, justice profound,
Sinners bow, the righteous are crowned.
Residences for the virtuous, profound,
An eternal abode, Supreme King's ground."

"Ninth era unfolds, justice unfurled,
Wicked deeds vanish from the world.
Humanity, toward virtue, is hurled,
In the righteous embrace, their destinies twirled."

"In the tenth epoch, judgment divine,
Even angels, in celestial line.
Primary realm fades, a radiant sign,
Celestial entities forever shine."

"Eras of virtue, benevolence vast,
Sin's echo, in the past.

Enoch, the scribe, wisdom to cast,
Between right and wrong, a chasm vast."

"Renowned scribe and judge, Enoch by name,
Proclaims to all men, a righteous flame.
Despair not, for divine ordain,
Virtuous awakening, in trying times' bane."

"The path of goodness, the virtuous tread,
Divine blessings upon the righteous shed.
Sin's vanishing, its legacy shred,
Enoch's words, in the cosmic spread."

"From ancient records, Enoch begins,
Divine insights, wisdom that gins.
Angel's teachings, celestial hymns,
Heavenly visions, where destiny swims."

"Seventh born in a just era's grace,
Purity witnessed in time's embrace.
Deception's rise, salvation's chase,
Sin's pact, a divine trace."

"Righteous figure in the next shall rise,
Enduring emblem, virtue's prize.
Visions of holiness, truth defies,
A sanctuary eternal, in celestial ties."

"Spiritual blindness in an ascent profound,
Ungodliness widespread, a cosmic mound.
The sanctuary's demise, a chosen lineage
unbound,
Widespread betrayal, in renunciation's sound."

"By era's end, the righteous discern,
Profound knowledge, the universe to learn.
Who hears the Sacred One's voice, a concern,
Heavenly operations, a cosmic turn."

"Earth's vast dimensions, a mortal's grasp,
Celestial wonders, a cosmic clasp.
Measurements complete, in time's rasp,
Heavens' magnitude, in starlight's gasp."

"In the celestial ballet, a timeless rhyme,
Enoch's tale, echoing through time.
A cosmic epic, in narrative climb,
Between right and wrong, a celestial chime."

As quatrains unfold, the epic tale sings,
In rhythmic verses, where eternity clings.
Enoch's prophecy, on time's swift wings,
A cosmic dance, where destiny swings.

Concluding Comments

In the twilight of ages, Enoch, the sage,
Penned words that echoed through time's vast stage.
A sacred call to righteousness, a prophetic page,
A tale in verses, an epic for every age.

"Children of Earth, in righteousness stand,
For the wicked path shall fade like sand.
Generations hence, a lesson to understand,
Evil's fate unveiled, by a future hand."

"Strive for righteousness, in life find delight,
Peace and virtue, your guiding light.
Hold my teachings close, through day and night,
Sinner's temptations, resist with might."

"Woe to those who thrive on evil's brew,
Their downfall near, a fate they drew.
Pity those whose success in sin they strew,
In the abyss, their cries will strew."

"Rich in wealth, beware the tempting snare,
Forget not the divine in your prosperous lair.
Against the divine, those who dare,
Reckoning awaits, a fate to bear."

"Creator's displeasure, the cause of your fall,
Wealth alone, a crumbling wall.
The day of reckoning, the righteous stand tall,
Mockery to sinners, in darkness they sprawl."

Enoch wept for the sorrow he foresees,
A future marred by hatred and unease.
Sinners judged, their destiny decrees,
Righteous ones, triumph in heavenly keys.

"Fear not sinners, for mercy you'll lack,
Righteous will triumph, on their track.
Ill-speakers, a dire path they pack,
Their sins return, no solace to wrack."

"Harmony shall reign in the righteous' wake,
Wronged, find peace, retribution take.
Sinners may prosper, their inner darkness quake,
Consequences unfold, a cosmic quake."

"Wicked seem prosperous, but shadows reveal,
Their inner turmoil, a truth concealed.
Downtrodden's cost, they soon shall feel,
Turn from the true path, a parched zeal."

"Evildoers' deeds, consequences bear,
Powerful oppressors, doom their share.
The righteous rise, justice in the air,
A cosmic dance, justice rare."

"Righteous ones, believe in the wicked's shame,
Angels celebrate, divine remembers the game.
Sinners hide, fear in their frame,
Divine word judges, in righteousness' name."

"On the day of reckoning, prayers ascend,
Sinners' deeds before the divine, they bend.
Fleeting wealth, a curse to befriend,
False hopes, in the end, they rend."

"Nature bears witness, elements' decree,

Against sinners, a cosmic plea.
Wealth won't protect, nor set them free,
Ill-gotten gains, no sanctuary."

"Wise and naive, wonders await,
Men indulge, in luxury's gate.
Ignorance their fate, a perilous state,
Sin's curse, man's chosen bait."

"Sin's birth, man's own hand,
A grave curse on the sinful land.
Barrenness consequence, woman's stand,
Heavens record, nothing unmanned."

"Misdeeds observed by the divine eye,
Every sin recorded, none pass by.
Magnitude of deception, none deny,
Falsehoods crumble, truth's reply."

"Woe to the wicked, lies they savor,
Dire fate, happiness they'll never savor.
Truth twisted, a grave behavior,
Falsehoods lead to doom, losing favor."

"Judgment awaits, a dire call,
Truth's distortion, a cosmic fall.
Those who harm, a fate enthrall,
Misery awaits, deception's thrall."

"Woe to deceivers, a sudden end,
Strife's architects, judgment descend.
Exploiters find no peace to fend,
Abandon tradition, to falsehood bend."

"Act wickedly, retribution divine,
Malevolence angers, downfall's sign.
Righteous recall, justice align,
Cosmic balance, the divine enshrine."

"Conflict arises, bloodshed flows,
Fathers and sons, mercy forego.
Angels descend, sinners' woes,
Judgment day, cosmic throes."

"Horses wade in rivers of red,
Chariots drown, the wicked's bed.
Angels descend, sinners' dread,
Holy guardians shield, the righteous led."

"Adversity strikes, wicked hide,
Cries reveal them, despair their guide.
Wronged, relief comes, peace beside,
Inner wickedness, in shadows, lied."

"Indulge at the downtrodden's cost,
Parched and wanting, the wicked's frost.
Turn from the path, in darkness lost,
Evil's consequence, none exhaust."

"Evil acts bear consequences dire,
Powerful oppressors meet justice's fire.
The righteous rise, their days inspire,
Cosmic justice, a celestial choir."

"Righteous ones, wicked's doom embrace,
Divine celebration, in heavenly space.
Sinners lament, in predetermined trace,
Virtuous shine, a cosmic embrace."

"Hopeful, righteous, victory near,
Sinners hide, cries of despair hear.
Wronged, relief comes, peace revere,
Prospering sinners, inner wickedness clear."

"I solemnly promise, righteous souls,
A secret known to the Supreme's scrolls.
Celestial records and Holy Ones' goals,
Happiness reserved, for righteous souls."

"Richly rewarded for virtuous might,
Fate surpassing the living's light.
Virtuous souls, in spirit, take flight,
Remembered by the Supreme, in eternal height."

"For the wicked, others might say,
Fortunate in life, wealth's bright array.
But in Sheol's depths, their souls decay,
Eternal judgment, flames of dismay."

"Don't envy the righteous' lot,
In death, peace they sought.
The wicked mock, a fate they thought,
Eternal joy, in afterlife caught."

"Promises to the virtuous, a celestial vow,
Angels remember, immortalized somehow.
Hopeful in humiliation, a radiant brow,
Justice comes, retribution's plough."

"Virtuous joy, akin to angels' flight,
Judgment day, no fear, all is right.
Prospering sinners, their deceptive sight,
Heavenly beings, the righteous' delight."

"Sinner's misdeeds, recorded well,
Daily witnessed, a cosmic swell.
Wickedness unveiled, a nightly knell,
Divine forces, darkness quell."

"Foolish ones, be prepared for doom,
Joy and wisdom, the righteous resume.
A beacon of truth, dispelling the gloom,
Righteous celebration, a cosmic zoom."

"In the future, wisdom's divine share,
Guiding all, peace beyond compare.
Celebrate, champions of virtue rare,

In the divine's embrace, love declare."

"Enoch scribed, for Methuselah's kin,
Wicked's downfall, future's spin.
Erased names, Holy Records thin,
Witnessed fate, celestial din."

"A deep cloud, shifting mountains' fire,
Enoch inquired, this realm's dire mire.
A Holy Angel explained the pyre,
A fate for sinners, divine's ire."

"Deeds in heavens, for angels to see,
Selfless souls tested, in purity's glee.
Virtue cherished, in adversity's spree,
Transformed by the Lord, for eternity."

"Those who love His name, honored bright,
Eternal shine, in divine light.
Wicked's descent, righteous sight,
Radiant fate, in eternal height."

"Sinners lament, virtuous rise,
A predetermined fate, cosmic ties.
Enoch's words, as prophecy flies,
A celestial dance, in timeless skies."

The Book of Methuselah

In days of yore, when Methuselah's son,
Chose a wife for Lamech, a tale begun.
Lamech's spouse conceived, bore a son so fair,
Snow-white skin, rosy undertones, a celestial heir.

A babe of wonder, with eyes aglow,
Bright as stars, a divine light to show.
Unique in form, hair white as wool,
He uttered words profound, wisdom to school.

In Lamech's heart, a flicker of fear,
A child so extraordinary, whispers clear.
His doubts like shadows, a father's quest,
Seeking Methuselah, wisdom's bequest.

To the aged Methuselah, Lamech spoke,
Of his son's uniqueness, fears awoke.
A celestial resemblance, a daunting sight,
Prompting him to seek celestial light.

"Enoch, wise sage, to you, I plead,
Interpret the signs, unravel the creed.
My son, a mystery, ethereal seed,
His birth, a tale, to you, I concede."

Methuselah, with concern in his eyes,
To Enoch's distant abode, he flies.
A plea for clarity, a search for truth,
In the realm of angels, where wisdom couth.

"Lamech's child, an anomaly untold,
A story in his features, a tale to unfold.
His birth, a symphony, divine truth to hold,
Guide me, Enoch, through realms untold."

Enoch, the scribe of celestial lore,
A guardian of wisdom, an ancient door.
To Methuselah's plea, he did respond,
Across ethereal realms, their spirits beyond.

"Lamech, worry not, for the child divine,
A harbinger of fate, in his eyes, shine.
Celestial beings, their whispers entwine,
A tale of old, in this birth align."

A child born, his first words divine,
Praises to the heavens, a celestial sign.
Lamech, bewildered, in doubt did pine,
A questioning heart, a father's design.

"Enoch, unveil the truth concealed,
In my child's birth, mysteries revealed.
Doubt in my heart, shadows congealed,
Ancestral lineage, in destiny, sealed."

"Before, in Heaven, transgressions did unfold,
Angels descended, with tales untold.
Children of men, in giants' mold,
Earth's purification, a prophecy bold."

"A flood of wrath, a cleansing tide,
Giants of flesh, by celestial guide.
A year-long deluge, where sin will hide,
Survivors remain, in the divine's stride."

"Lamech's child, Noah by name,
A survivor in the floods of fame.
A lineage divine, in the ark's frame,
Post-apocalypse, a celestial claim."

"Methuselah, heed my words with care,
Noah's lineage, a fate rare.
Post-flood sins, a world to dare,

Divine knowledge, a sage's share."

"Future generations, in error's snare,
Righteousness prevailing, a cosmic affair.
Methuselah, reassure Lamech's air,
Noah's legitimacy, truth to declare."

Methuselah, armed with the celestial lore,
Spoke to Lamech, doubts to the core.
Noah, a name to solace implore,
Post-destruction hope, destiny's door.

"Solace post-destruction, Noah's name,
In the ark of fate, he won't be the same.
Greater sins post-flood, a cosmic game,
Divine knowledge, Enoch's claim."

"Generations err, in sin's embrace,
Righteousness triumphs, in time and space.
Reassure Lamech, wisdom's grace,
A tale of destiny, in Noah's trace."

The Book of Noah

In the days of Noah, when Earth quaked with strife,
He, vigilant watcher, beheld the throes of life.
To his great-grandfather Enoch, a sage so wise,
Noah sought guidance 'neath celestial skies.

"Enoch," quoth Noah, "Earth groans in despair,
Turbulent changes, an impending snare.
Fear clutches my heart, as doom's breath fills the air,
Speak, great Enoch, unravel this cosmic affair."

Heaven's voice echoed, a thunderous might,
Causing Enoch's form to emerge in the light.
"Why despair, Noah? What darkens your sight?
Divine judgment looms, shrouded in night."

"Mankind," Enoch spoke, with a knowing gaze,
Seeking forbidden knowledge, their hearts ablaze.
The origins of metals, a forbidden maze,
Unearthed by mortals in a forbidden phase.

"Some metals," he disclosed, with wisdom untold,
Emanate from angels, their secrets unfold.
Earth quivers and shakes, its story unfolds,
Wickedness unleashed, in forbidden knowledge enrolled.

"Cataclysms descend, a reckoning divine,
For humanity's sins, a celestial sign.

Those responsible, in darkness confined,
But you, Noah, and kin, in safety entwined."

Angels prepared, subterranean waters to surge,
Earth's cleansing tide, a celestial urge.
Yet, they waited, as divine voices merge,
In Noah's presence, the sacred dirge.

Heavenly chariots, a celestial ballet,
In every direction, they wove their way.
Celestial beings alarmed, in disarray,
As Noah observed, night turned to day.

On a date etched in time, heaven convulsed,
Almighty appeared, celestial beings, repulsed.
Noah, overwhelmed, his senses ex-pulsed,
Fainting in awe, his consciousness convulsed.

Archangel Michael, with wings spread wide,
Sent an angel to Noah's slumbering side.
Revived, Noah questioned, his fears set aside,
"God's mercy endures," Michael replied.

Yet, judgment pronounced, a cosmic decree,
Wrath unyielding, a divine legacy.
Sinners faced reckoning, a celestial key,
Two creatures, Leviathan and Behemoth, to see.

Leviathan, in ocean's depths would dwell,
Behemoth, a beast, in a distant desert's
spell.
Separated by fate, their stories to tell,
A cosmic secret, Noah sought to unveil.

"Tell me, great Enoch, of these creatures
twain,
Leviathan's dance, Behemoth's desert domain.
Origin and separation, a celestial refrain,
The cosmos unfolds, a mysterious terrain."

"Confidential," declared the celestial sage,
A knowledge concealed, for another age.
Noah, seeker of truth, turned the page,
In the book of mysteries, a captive on this
stage.

Enoch, with wisdom, Noah's mind did fill,
Cosmic secrets, a destiny to fulfill.
As Earth trembled, in its echoing shrill,
Noah stood, guardian, on destiny's hill.

Conclusion

In the epochs of old, in the tapestry of time,
A tome emerged, filled with visions sublime.
The Book of Enoch, a celestial climb,
Through Watchers' tales and a cosmic paradigm.

A testament it stands, to Jewish thought so grand,
In Second Temple's embrace, where echoes expand.
Dive into its depths, where mysteries are planned,
From Watchers' descent to the Astronomical strand.

A rich weave of angels, judgment divine,
Cosmic secrets entwined, in a sacred design.
Captivating souls, like aged aged wine,
It beckons scholars, theologians to opine.

Not a mere scripture, not a canon bound,
1 Enoch traverses realms, where echoes resound.
Bridging canons and pseudepigrapha unbound,
A cosmic ballet, where mystic truths are found.

The Watchers, in rebellion, a tale profound,
Angels and mortals, in bonds so tightly wound.
A cosmic dance, where destinies are crowned,
Earthly and divine, in a narrative unbound.

Apocalyptic whispers, in times of strife,
A reflection of an era, in the tapestry of life.
Political tremors, in the earthly rife,

1 Enoch breathes hopes, as a divine fife.

Final judgments echo, righteous souls arise,
Amidst upheavals and foreign dominions' ties.
Yearnings for salvation, painted in the skies,
1 Enoch's visions, where faith never denies.

Christian echoes resonate, in the New Testament's hall,
1 Enoch's fragments, like whispers in a cosmic squall.
Preserved in Ethiopia, answering the divine call,
Beyond borders, its influence does enthrall.

Not just didactic, it waltzed with speculation,
The Astronomical Book, a divine invitation.
Celestial bodies twirl, in a cosmic formation,
Religious and scientific, a unique connotation.

Journey through time, where history unfolds,
1 Enoch's tales, a story to be told.
A window to beliefs, hopes manifold,
Ancient whispers, through its pages are scrolled.

In conclusion, it stands, a cornerstone so strong,
1 Enoch's echoes, through centuries long.
A testament to faith, in verses and song,
A celestial journey where ancient truths throng.

BOOK 2: The Book of the Secrets of Enoch

Slavonic Enoch - Part 1

Chapter 1

In ages past, a sage of wisdom stood,
Enveloped by the Lord's embrace, he would
Witness realms on high, mysterious, grand,
God's radiant presence, infinite, and grand.

His eyes beheld the Cherubim's host,
A dance of light, a heavenly boast.
The elemental forces, duties untold,
Infinite mysteries, in light untold.

At one-sixty-five, in life's grand dance,
His son Mathusal granted a chance.
Three hundred sixty-five, years profound,
Enoch lived, in earthly realms he's bound.

On a month's first day, in slumber's grace,
His abode secluded, a dreamy space.
Tears streamed down, unknown sorrows deep,
A destiny in dream, a fate to reap.

Two figures immense, unlike mortal kin,
Faces radiant, a celestial spin.
Eyes aflame, wings with golden sheen,
A vision unseen, in violet and serene.

Snow-like hands, and melodies they sang,
Before Enoch, their message rang.
"Mythical beings, who are you?" he cried,
As fear took hold, he couldn't hide.

"Fear not, Enoch," the figures proclaimed,
"From the eternal God, we're named.
Today, to heavens, you'll ascend,
A journey divine, messages to send."

Awaking from slumber, fear still in his eyes,
Enoch stood as the figures advised.
"Tell your sons and kin," the beings declared,
"Of your absence, let them be aware."

So Enoch went, as the dawn's light grew,
To his sons, Mathusal, Regim, and Gaidad too.
He spoke of visions, of celestial sight,
Of beings radiant in heavenly light.

"During my absence, seek me not,
In the earthly abode, a sacred plot.
Wait till the Lord brings me back,
Obey this command, stay on the track."

With that, the heavens beckoned near,
A journey divine, devoid of fear.
Enoch ascended, leaving kin behind,
A destiny written, a fate entwined.

In the celestial realms, mysteries unfold,
As Enoch's tale, in poetry, is told.
A sage who soared to the heavens high,
Guided by messengers from the sky.

Chapter 2

Listen, my children, to this tale I tell,
Of mysteries grand, where destinies swell.
Uncertain, I tread a path unknown,
To realms untold, a journey I'm shown.

I plead with you, my kin so dear,
Never forsake the One we revere.
Empty idols, their allure so slight,
Creators not of heavens bright.

Vanish they shall, like fleeting mist,
Their followers lost in the amethyst.
May the Lord, in your hearts, abide,
Faith unwavering, in Him confide.

As I embark on this mystic quest,
In the unknown, where spirits rest,
Hold fast, my children, to God's embrace,
His mercy, love, and boundless grace.

No empty idols, false and vain,
Shall lure you with their transient gain.
For the heavens and earth, His craft divine,
In His name, let your light shine.

Until the Lord, in His wisdom divine,
Guides me back, a celestial sign,
Seek me not in the earthly domain,
Patience, my dear ones, in this refrain.

The journey ahead, shrouded in mist,
Yet in God's hands, my fate is kissed.
A sojourn through realms unseen,
A tale unfolding, in the cosmic sheen.

In your hearts, let His presence swell,

A fortress of faith, where shadows dwell.
Fear Him, revere Him, in every stride,
With unwavering trust, in Him confide.

So, my children, heed these words,
As the song of destiny softly girds.
I depart with hope, a celestial plea,
Guided by forces, unseen and free.

No abandonment, though uncertainty nears,
In God's hands, I conquer my fears.
Until my return, in His grace so divine,
Hold fast to His light, let your spirits entwine.

Chapter 3

Now listen, my companions, to the tale unfurled,
Of Enoch, lifted from his earthly world.
Guided by angels, in celestial flight,
He soared beyond realms, in the ethereal height.

With instructions bestowed upon his kin,
Enoch embarked on a journey akin
To cosmic wonders, where mysteries unfold,
As angels guided him, their secrets told.

Borne on wings unseen, through heavens' gate,
To the first realm, Enoch's destined fate.
Among the clouds, where celestial breezes sigh,
A cosmic dance 'neath the vast, azure sky.

Behold the ether, a realm untold,
Where secrets and wonders in tandem unfold.
Angels presented vistas, an endless sea,
Beyond earthly bounds, where the soul is free.

Not a sea of waves, nor shores of sand,
But a cosmic expanse, vast and grand.
Encompassing realms, beyond mortal sight,
A celestial sea, radiant with light.

Higher still, Enoch's journey unfolds,
As through each heaven, his destiny molds.
Guided by angels with radiant wings,
Through the cosmic tapestry, his spirit sings.

The first heaven witnessed his mortal frame,
As celestial beings whispered his name.
Enrobed in clouds, a celestial throne,

A realm where the divine mysteries are known.

Now upward, ever upward, his journey extends,
Through realms and wonders that the cosmos defends.
Angels as guides, in their radiant attire,
Leading Enoch higher, his soul afire.

Beyond the first heaven, what wonders await?
In the cosmic ballet, where stars celebrate.
Enveloped in splendor, a celestial ballet,
Enoch continued, in awe and in sway.

Angels spoke of realms beyond mortal ken,
Of cosmic wonders, known to heavenly men.
Through the vast ether, Enoch ascends,
A celestial journey, where time transcends.

Higher, still higher, his spirit ascends,
Through the cosmic tapestry, where destiny blends.
Each realm unfurls with secrets untold,
As Enoch's saga, in heavens, is scrolled.

A tale of angels, of cosmic embrace,
In the vastness of space, a sacred chase.
Enoch, the voyager, in celestial seas,
Guided by angels through cosmic mysteries.

In the dance of stars, and the celestial sea,
Enoch's journey unfolds, wild and free.
Through the heavens' expanse, a soulful flight,
A cosmic symphony, in the radiant light.

Chapter 4

Now, gather 'round, my audience keen,
A tale unfolds of realms unseen.
Of elder beings, celestial might,
In the vast expanse of the cosmic night.

Angels of old, with radiant glow,
Guiding stars in their rhythmic flow.
Two hundred guardians, their celestial role,
Navigating heavens, a harmonious stroll.

Wings unfurling, a celestial dance,
Around the stars, in cosmic trance.
Paths illuminated, by their divine grace,
Heavenly travelers in the vast space.

These beings revealed to Enoch's gaze,
Secrets of stars, in a cosmic maze.
Celestial rulers, their majesty profound,
Overseeing heavens, a realm unbound.

In the celestial court, where angels preside,
Stars like jewels, in the cosmic tide.
Their pathways traced by heavenly might,
A celestial ballet, in the eternal night.

Enoch beheld this cosmic parade,
A revelation in the astral cascade.
Two hundred angels with wings outspread,
Navigating stars, where destinies are bred.

Through celestial highways, they gracefully soar,
Guardians of stars, forevermore.
In Enoch's vision, their splendor unveiled,
A cosmic dance where secrets are hailed.

Stars, like diamonds, in the vast expanse,
Guided by angels, in celestial dance.
Their pathways etched in the cosmic scroll,
A tale of wonder, the heavens extol.

Winged travelers in the celestial sea,
Angels and stars, in symphony.
Enoch, the witness, in awe does stand,
As the celestial beings reveal their grand plan.

In the cosmic tapestry, a story is told,
Of angels, stars, and mysteries untold.
Two hundred guardians, in wings arrayed,
In the cosmic ballet, where destinies are laid.

Celestial rulers, their gaze profound,
Overseeing stars in the vast surround.
The elders of heaven, their wisdom displayed,
To Enoch, a vision, in stars conveyed.

In the celestial realm, where time takes flight,
Stars and angels in shimmering light.
Enoch, the voyager, in this cosmic show,
A witness to wonders in the heavens' glow.

Chapter 5

In realms beyond our mortal gaze,
Enoch journeyed through the cosmic haze.
To heavens high, on ethereal wings,
A tale unfolds of celestial beings.

Gazing below, in wonder profound,
Snowy reservoirs, a treasure unbound.
Angels, guardians of this frozen domain,
A sight unseen, a celestial reign.

Upon these peaks, where snow resides,
Angelic sentinels, in heavenly tides.
Enrobed in white, their presence grand,
Protecting the snow, a mystical land.

Clouds, like nomads in the boundless sky,
Their origin revealed to Enoch's eye.
Resting places, where they softly lay,
In the celestial ballet, a cosmic display.

Enoch, the voyager, in awe does stare,
At secrets revealed in the frosty air.
Reservoirs of snow, guarded with might,
Angels on watch in the pale moonlight.

Their wings outstretched, a celestial choir,
Guardians of snow, in heavenly attire.
Enoch beholds this celestial scene,
Where clouds and angels dance in between.

A frozen kingdom, a celestial domain,
Enveloped in silence, untouched by disdain.
Enoch, the witness, in heavenly rapture,
Views the guardians of snow, their form and capture.

These angels, keepers of frost and chill,
A duty divine, their purpose to fulfill.
Enoch, the mortal in celestial flight,
Witnesses mysteries in the soft moonlight.

Reservoirs of snow, in their silent repose,
A celestial wonder, where enchantment grows.
Angels standing guard with unwavering might,
In the realms above, in the soft starlight.

Clouds, the wanderers of the cosmic space,
Revealing their secrets, a divine embrace.
Enoch, the seer, in this celestial tour,
Views the heavens' wonders, pure and sure.

In the dance of clouds, in the snow's embrace,
Enoch finds himself in a sacred space.
Guardian angels, a celestial crew,
In the silent realms where dreams come true.

The journey unfolds in the cosmic array,
As Enoch travels through night and day.
Reservoirs of snow and angels on high,
In this celestial realm, where mysteries lie.

Chapter 6

In realms celestial, where angels tread,
Enoch, the voyager, by wonders led.
A reservoir of dew, like olive oil's sheen,
A vision profound, a celestial scene.

Angels arrayed, their ethereal wings,
Guardians of dew, where nature sings.
Enrobed in light, a heavenly crew,
Their task ordained, their duty true.

The reservoir unveiled, a liquid gold,
Dewdrops glistening, a tale untold.
Structure akin to Earth's sweet bloom,
A celestial fragrance, dispelling gloom.

Enoch, the witness, in awe does stand,
Beholding wonders, as if planned.
Olive oil dew, a divine decree,
In the cosmic tapestry, for all to see.

Angels, keepers of this sacred store,
Their duty to ensure it opens, closes, and more.
With grace they move, in celestial chore,
Heavenly guardians forevermore.

Enoch queried, with eyes wide,
About the purpose of this celestial guide.
The angels spoke, in voices pure,
Of nature's secrets, ethereal and sure.

"The dew, a treasure, like earthly oil,
Nourishes realms in celestial soil.
Its essence, a balm, a sacred boon,
A gift from heavens, from sun and moon."

"Angels oversee its ebb and flow,
Opening, closing, a rhythm to show.
In the grand design of the cosmic art,
Dew plays a role, a celestial part."

Enoch, enraptured, absorbed the tale,
Of dewdrops shimmering in the celestial gale.
The angels, their duty, with reverence shared,
Guardians of dew, in the cosmic air.

As Enoch wandered, through realms untold,
In the cosmic narrative, a tale to unfold.
Olive oil dew and angels in flight,
A celestial spectacle, in the soft moonlight.

The structure revealed, like Earthly blooms,
Enoch glimpsed nature in celestial rooms.
The fragrance of dew, a divine decree,
A symphony played for eternity.

In this chapter of the heavenly scroll,
Enoch learned secrets that touched his soul.
Of dew and angels, a celestial ballet,
In the cosmic realms where dreams hold sway.

Chapter 7

Enoch, the mortal with a soul ablaze,
Guided through heavens in a cosmic daze.
To the second realm, where darkness lies,
Souls in wait, where judgment ties.

Angels, escorts through celestial night,
Led Enoch onward, a mystic flight.
Darker than shadows, this cosmic plight,
Imprisoned souls, in eternal night.

A realm where cries of lament resound,
In darkness profound, their fate is bound.
Rebels against God, in shadows they moan,
Their deeds proclaimed, their fate intone.

Enoch, inquisitive, his heart does swell,
To angels, he inquires, what tale do you tell?
Of souls confined in this cosmic prison,
In shadows deep, their hearts a risen.

"These rebels against the Almighty's command,
Defiers of His will, in shadows they stand.
Led by a leader in the fifth heaven's domain,
In darkness eternal, they bear their pain."

Empathy wraps Enoch, a mortal's grace,
As souls recognize him in this cosmic space.
Seeking intercession from one of clay,
How can I help, Enoch does say.

A mortal, mere mortal, in the cosmic sea,
Praying for angels, can it truly be?
Uncertainties cloud mortal thought,
In this cosmic realm, a prayer is sought.

The imprisoned souls, their voices rise,

Echoing in the cosmic skies.
Enoch ponders, with furrowed brow,
Can a mortal aid these beings now?

Angels reply, with voices clear,
Enoch, mortal, do not fear.
Your prayers, a beacon in the night,
Can pierce the darkness, bring forth light.

For mortal or not, in this cosmic sprawl,
Prayers hold power, can break the thrall.
Enoch, embrace your mortal role,
A conduit for grace in the celestial scroll.

Enoch, with courage, his heart does yield,
Prays for souls in the cosmic field.
In the second heaven, where darkness looms,
Mortal and angels, in prayerful rooms.

The cosmic ballet, mortal and divine,
A tale woven in the celestial design.
In the realm of shadows, where judgment sways,
Enoch, the mortal, in prayerful praise.

Chapter 8

To the third heaven, my spirit soared,
Guided by angels, a celestial horde.
Revealing wonders, a divine decree,
A realm of goodness, for Enoch to see.

Trees adorned with blossoms sweet,
Fruits radiating, a fragrant feat.
In the midst, the tree of life stands,
Where the Lord ascends to heavenly lands.

Indescribable, this ornate tree,
With fruits aplenty, a divine decree.
Its roots anchor deep in a garden fair,
At the planet's boundary, a realm so rare.

Paradise, a realm 'twixt decay and bliss,
Where eternal and transient gently kiss.
Two springs gush forth, honey and milk,
Oil and wine, a celestial ilk.

Dividing into quartiles, a peaceful flow,
Into Eden's paradise, where all things grow.
Waters circulate, a dance sublime,
Maintaining paths in perfect rhyme.

Every tree bears fruits of delight,
The realm adorned in blessed light.
Three hundred angels, luminous and bright,
Tend this garden, a celestial rite.

Ceaseless melodies, perpetual praise,
To the Lord, in harmonious arrays.
Enoch, overwhelmed, in awe did say,
Of this haven serene, where angels play.

Guides, the celestial, then spoke to me,

Unveiling mysteries, as far as eyes could see.
"In this realm of wonders, Enoch dear,
More secrets await, there's much to hear."

"Behold the goodness that knows no end,
A celestial haven, where angels tend.
The tree of life, with branches wide,
In its shade, the righteous abide."

"Rooted deep in the earth's embrace,
A symbol of life, a sacred grace.
Eden's paradise, where waters flow,
In harmony divine, a celestial show."

"Angels, three hundred, a luminous choir,
Tending the garden with heavenly fire.
Their melodies sweet, their praises soar,
To the Lord above, whom we adore."

Enoch, enraptured by the heavenly scene,
A realm of wonders, serene and serene.
Guided by angels, through realms untold,
In the third heaven, mysteries unfold.

Chapter 9

To realms unknown, my spirit soared,
Guided by angels, their wings outpoured.
Into the third heaven, a celestial domain,
Where mysteries unfold, like a heavenly
refrain.

Trees adorned with blossoms sweet,
Fruits that radiate, a fragrant feat.
The tree of life, in splendor stood,
In a garden of goodness, where all is good.

Its roots anchored deep in the earth,
A symbol of life, of eternal worth.
Paradise, where decay and bliss unite,
In a realm that glows with celestial light.

Two springs, honey and milk did flow,
Oil and wine in streams that grow.
Dividing into quartiles, a peaceful dance,
Into Eden's paradise, where angels prance.

Waters circulate, a dance sublime,
Maintaining paths in perfect rhyme.
Every tree, a fruitful delight,
Blessed by the heavens, in celestial light.

Three hundred angels, luminous and bright,
Tending the garden, day and night.
Ceaseless melodies, praises so sweet,
To the Lord above, where two realms meet.

Enoch, overwhelmed, his heart did swell,
In a haven serene, where wonders dwell.
Guides, celestial, spoke of mysteries untold,
As through the third heaven, our tale unfolds.

"In this realm of wonders, Enoch dear,
More secrets await, there's much to hear.
The tree of life, with branches wide,
In its shade, the righteous abide."

"Rooted deep in the earth's embrace,
A symbol of life, a sacred grace.
Eden's paradise, where waters flow,
In harmony divine, a celestial show."

"Angels, three hundred, a luminous choir,
Tending the garden with heavenly fire.
Their melodies sweet, their praises soar,
To the Lord above, whom we adore."

Enoch, enraptured by the heavenly scene,
A realm of wonders, serene and serene.
Guided by angels, through realms untold,
In the third heaven, mysteries unfold.

As celestial whispers filled the air,
Enoch's journey continued, beyond compare.
To a sanctuary reserved for the righteous,
Enduring trials, in realms so precious.

For those who evade the grasp of wickedness,
Making fair decisions in realms of
blessedness.
Aiding the needy with hearts so pure,
Serving the Lord, their devotion sure.

This eternal haven, prepared with care,
For the righteous souls, beyond compare.
Enoch listened, his heart ablaze,
As the angels spoke of these heavenly ways.

Chapter 10

To the North, my guides did steer,
Revealing a place, one to be feared.
An abyss of darkness, perpetual night,
A realm of torment, a harrowing sight.

Fires eternal, a relentless burn,
Freezing ice, a cruel churn.
A place where angels, merciless and bold,
Wield wrathful weapons, stories unfold.

In this fearsome abyss, unspeakable pain,
Angels execute punishment, a relentless reign.
Distraught, I cried, "How horrifying this be!"
As visions of torment unfolded for me.

"My guides," I implored, in the darkness
profound,
"Explain this realm, this torment unbound."
Enlightened they spoke, of sins so dire,
Of a place prepared for those who conspire.

"Enoch," they uttered, in tones severe,
"This place is for those who God's commands
veer.
Heinous sins, wicked boasts untold,
Exploitation rampant, hearts so cold.

Forsaking the creator, idolatry embraced,
For such souls, this abode is placed.
An eternal realm of torment and woe,
For those who in wickedness continually grow.

Here, the defiant and sinful reside,
In the North, where darkness does abide.
Their deeds have led them to this dire fate,
A place of suffering, an eternal weight."

As the revelation unfolded, my heart did
quake,
A place of torment, for the wicked's sake.
Guided through realms, both high and low,
Enoch witnessed the righteous and the shadow.

Yet, this place of anguish, so vividly shown,
For those who defy, in sin's depths are
thrown.
In the North, where shadows forever creep,
A realm of darkness, where the wicked sleep.

Enoch's journey continued, through realms
untold,
A cosmic tale, in mysteries, it would unfold.
Through heavens and hells, his spirit soared,
Guided by angels, where divine secrets poured.

Chapter 11

To the fourth heaven, led by those unseen,
A cosmic journey, realms in between.
Radiant beams of sunlight's grace,
And moonlight's glow, in celestial space.

I gazed upon their courses, the sun and moon,
Their luminance, a celestial tune.
Sun's brilliance surpassed the lunar light,
A dance of celestial bodies, an ethereal
sight.

Swiftly passing, the sun's relentless flight,
On wheels it turns, from day to night.
No pause, no rest, a ceaseless spin,
A cosmic dance, where days begin.

Four stars of significance, a celestial choir,
A thousand beneath, each to inspire.
To the right, to the left, in cosmic flow,
Eight thousand stars, in radiant show.

Angels myriad, attend the sun's bright day,
Fifteen myriads, in the sunlit array.
And as the night unfolds its tender cloak,
A thousand angels, the sun's kin spoke.

Six-winged beings, celestial grace,
Before the sun's wheel, they find their place.
Entering fiery flames, a dance divine,
A hundred angels, the sun does enshrine.

In this heavenly abode, where angels tend,
To the sun's journey, they sweetly attend.
A cosmic ballet, a celestial song,
As the sun moves, a journey long.

Enoch, guided through this astral plane,
Where sun and moon forever reign.
The secrets of heavens, before him unfold,
A tale of wonders, ancient and old.

Through the courses, in radiant light,
Enoch beheld the sun's majestic flight.
Its wheels turning, in cosmic delight,
A dance of stars, in the sunlit night.

Soaring through realms, where angels reside,
Enoch's spirit, on this cosmic tide.
Guided by unseen hands, a celestial decree,
To witness the sun's eternal glee.

In this fourth heaven, where light and shadow blend,
Enoch's journey, a tale to transcend.
A thousand stars, in cosmic ascent,
As the sun and moon, their journey invent.

Chapter 12

In the cosmic expanse where sunbeams play,
Enoch ventured forth, led astral array.
Guided by unseen hands through realms high,
A tale unfolding 'neath the star-studded sky.

To the twelfth chapter, our journey unfolds,
Where mysteries linger, and wonder beholds.
Flying beings, Phoenixes fair,
Chalkydri wondrous, beyond compare.

Lion's feet, crocodile's head,
In hues of purple, a rainbow spread.
Measuring nine hundred, majestic in size,
Twelve wings adorning, like angels they rise.

Through celestial spheres, their purpose defined,
To accompany the sun, in orbits entwined.
Heated flames and dewdrops, at God's command,
A cosmic ballet, on celestial land.

Behold the sun's course, a ceaseless dance,
Morning's ascent, a radiant advance.
From under the heavens to the earth's embrace,
A cosmic journey, a celestial chase.

Enoch, a witness to these beings of flight,
Phoenixes soaring in the sun's warm light.
Chalkydri with wings, a celestial choir,
In cosmic realms, where wonders transpire.

As the sun rises, a fiery sphere,
Its warmth and light, drawing near.
Setting under the earth, in twilight's glow,
A celestial rhythm, a cosmic flow.

Twelve wings beat, in harmonious flight,
Accompanying the sun, in the day's soft light.
A heavenly parade, with splendor and grace,
Enoch beholding, in that celestial space.

In purple hues, the Phoenixes gleam,
A rainbow's echo, in the sunlit dream.
Their lion's feet tread the cosmic floor,
A dance of beings, forevermore.

Chalkydri, in majestic array,
With crocodile heads, a wondrous display.
Nine hundred measures, their grand design,
Twelve wings outstretched, in cosmic shine.

Through heavenly realms, Enoch soared,
A tale of wonders, forever adored.
Guided by angels, through night and day,
In the cosmic ballet, where sunbeams play.

Chapter 13

Borne on ethereal wings, Enoch took flight,
Guided by celestial beings, a dance in the night.
Transported eastward, where the sun awakes,
At the gates of its rising, in celestial stakes.

The men, divine messengers, guardians of time,
In cosmic symphony, weaving a celestial rhyme.
Seasons unfolding, in cycles they play,
Enoch at the sun's gates, where dawn holds sway.

Six gates unveiled, each sixty-one stadia wide,
A cosmic portal, where the sun will bide.
Measured with precision, by Enoch's keen eye,
As the sun sets forth, in the vast cosmic sky.

Through gates agape, the sun begins its flight,
Westward it travels, in the soft twilight.
A celestial journey, a cosmic ballet,
Guided by seasons, in a celestial array.

Eastward it turns, in its cyclical quest,
A celestial pilgrimage, a divine bequest.
Enoch beholds, with awe and might,
As the sun dances, in its celestial flight.

Day and night, in harmonious blend,
Measured by angels, whose wisdom won't bend.
Enoch, a witness, to this cosmic lore,
Where time is a river, forever to pour.

A full year's embrace, in seasonal rounds,

The sun, a celestial chariot, where its glory abounds.
Rotating through seasons, in cosmic precision,
A celestial clockwork, a divine decision.

Enoch, enraptured, in celestial delight,
As the sun concludes its celestial flight.
At the gates of its rising, he stood in awe,
Witness to nature's eternal law.

In sixty-one stadia, the gates unfold,
A cosmic story, ancient and bold.
Enoch, the poet of the heavenly rhyme,
Capturing time's dance, in the celestial clime.

Chapter 14

In the waning glow of day, Enoch soared,
Guided by messengers, wisdom they poured.
To the western realms, where the sun bows,
A cosmic journey, celestial vows.

Six gates unveiled, like jewels they gleam,
A cosmic ballet, a celestial dream.
Corresponding to the east, where mornings start,
In the western domain, a symphony of art.

Numbered as the days, three sixty-five,
In the celestial dance, where time does thrive.
Each gate a portal, a passage through,
As the sun descends, in skies of blue.

Retreating with grace, through gates it goes,
Beneath the earth, where its radiance slows.
A luminous crown in heavenly care,
Guarded by angels with ethereal stare.

Four hundred guardians, their duty clear,
To watch over the sun, year after year.
Its wheel, a chariot, beneath the ground,
In realms of darkness, where no light is found.

Seven hours it rests in the nocturnal space,
A cosmic interlude, a celestial embrace.
Then, in the eighth hour, a fiery rebirth,
Emerging with brilliance, a celestial mirth.

Approaching the east, in the silent night,
The sun returns, in radiant light.
Glowing brighter than fire, a cosmic hymn,

A celestial cycle, where daylight begins.

Enoch, the witness, to this cosmic ballet,
Where suns and gates in tandem play.
In the western realm, where sunsets unfold,
A celestial story, timeless and bold.

Chapter 15

In realms where light and song entwine,
Enoch embarked on a journey divine.
To the heart of the sun, the cosmic sphere,
A celestial dance, both far and near.

Phoenixes and Chalkydri, beings of might,
In radiant hues, a celestial sight.
Winged creatures, a chorus profound,
In celebration, a harmonious sound.

The sun's elements, in melodious rhyme,
Every bird, a winged paradigm.
A symphony rising, at the Lord's decree,
In the celestial court, a jubilee.

As the source of light unveiled its face,
Morning's guard, in radiant grace.
Sun's rays, a celestial brigade,
Bringing brightness to Earth's cascade.

Brightening the world as it departs,
A luminous gift to myriad hearts.
Demonstrations of the sun's chore,
A dance of brilliance, forevermore.

Timekeeping gates, each a celestial glyph,
Marking intervals, a cosmic shift.
A journey calculated with precision,
In the celestial tapestry, a cosmic vision.

The sun, a beacon in the cosmic sea,
Its path unveiled, a celestial decree.
Enlightened by the morning guard's glow,
A radiant spectacle, a celestial show.

Twenty-eight years, the solar dance,

A cosmic cycle, a celestial trance.
Completing its orbit, a cosmic ballet,
Before embarking on a new display.

Enoch, the witness to this cosmic rhyme,
A celestial narrative, unfolding through time.
In sunlit realms and morning's grace,
A tale of brilliance, in celestial space.

Chapter 16

In the celestial ballet, where moonlight weaves,
Enoch traversed the lunar paths, a tale conceived.
Men of mystery, guides through cosmic gates,
To unveil the moon's course, as destiny dictates.

Twelve gates, adorned and crowned in splendor,
Spanning the heavens, in a celestial surrender.
From the western embrace to the eastern fold,
Where the moon's silver tale is silently told.

The lunar journey, through gates arrayed,
Thirty-one days in the sun's glow, displayed.
First and second, a month in tandem,
Third and fourth, in lunar rhythm, they tandem.

The fifth and sixth, in silver they dance,
A lunar waltz, a celestial trance.
Seventh and eighth, a cosmic decree,
A lunar ballad, in the cosmic sea.

The ninth gate opens, and then the tenth,
In lunar majesty, the dance is sent.
Eleventh and twelfth, in lunar embrace,
A lunar cycle, a celestial grace.

Through western gates, the moon takes flight,
Mirroring the east, in the celestial night.
Three hundred sixty-five, a solar year complete,
Yet lunar lingers, a cycle bittersweet.

Three hundred fifty-four, the lunar refrain,
Twelve days lost, a celestial strain.
The lunar epacts, a cosmic rhyme,
In the grand cycle, a dance through time.

Five hundred thirty-two, the cosmic year,
A quarter day lingers, a celestial tear.
In three years, the unaccounted wane,
Yet in the fourth, the celestial gain.

Excluded from heaven, those fleeting three,
Alter the years in cosmic decree.
Two months added, a cycle complete,
Two subtracted, a dance in repeat.

As the western gates conclude their song,
The moon returns, to where it belongs.
In the eastern embrace, it sheds its light,
A celestial journey, through day and night.

Faster than winds, in celestial flight,
Angels, spirits, in the lunar night.
Six-winged beings, in the moon's ballet,
Seven orbits complete, in nineteen years' array.

Enoch, the witness to this lunar trance,
A cosmic dance, in celestial expanse.
Through gates adorned and silver beams,
A lunar tale, in the cosmic streams.

Chapter 17

In the heart of the heavens, a celestial sight,
Armored soldiers, in the Lord's radiant light.
Tambourines and organs, their weapons of choice,
A heavenly chorus, a symphony to rejoice.

Cloaked in armor of ethereal gleam,
Soldiers divine, in the heavenly scheme.
Their instruments not of earthly birth,
But tambourines and organs, of celestial mirth.

In the midst of realms beyond mortal ken,
Enoch beheld this celestial den.
Soldiers, guardians of the cosmic plane,
A heavenly host, a celestial refrain.

Their ceaseless song, sweet and diverse,
A cosmic melody, a celestial verse.
Words cannot capture the celestial sound,
In the heavens' embrace, where echoes abound.

The rhythm of tambourines, a cosmic heartbeat,
Organs resonating, a celestial feat.
Instruments forged in heavenly fire,
A symphony that would mortal hearts inspire.

Enoch, enraptured by this heavenly choir,
A celestial melody, setting his soul on fire.
Sweet notes that defied mortal description,
A celestial orchestra, a divine inscription.

For every listener, a profound impact,
In the cosmic realms, a celestial pact.
The joyous delight in the heavenly song,

As the armored soldiers in the chorus throng.

In the tapestry of the celestial spheres,
The song echoes through countless years.
Armored soldiers, in the Lord's employ,
Wielding instruments, bringing cosmic joy.

A chapter in Enoch's celestial sojourn,
Where heavenly soldiers in brilliance burn.
Tambourines and organs, their celestial might,
In the cosmic symphony, a celestial flight.

Chapter 18

In the tapestry of celestial realms untold,
Enoch, guided by heavenly hands, behold,
To the fifth heaven, a realm of mystic lore,
Grigori, silent soldiers, a tale to explore.

Countless soldiers, Grigori their name,
Giants in stature, their presence aflame.
Faces withered, mouths forever hushed,
A heaven silent, in sorrow, they're crushed.

Enshrouded in mystery, this ethereal space,
Enoch questioned the silent soldiers' grace.
"Why, in this heaven, no service rendered?
These beings, Grigori, by silence are tender."

Puzzled, Enoch inquired of the celestial guides,
Amidst the stars where cosmic destiny abides.
"Why this withering, this mute display?
And why in this heaven, no service at play?"

The guides unfolded a tale profound,
Of Grigori, in rebellion they were bound.
Led by Satanail, their prince so bold,
Defying the Lord of light, a story to be told.

Upon Earth, by Mount Hermon's grandeur,
They descended, their celestial tenure.
Oaths violated, human daughters admired,
Wives taken, the Earth thus transpired.

Lawlessness, hybridization's dark embrace,
Giants born, a monstrous race.
A time of hostility, a judgment severe,
God's wrath pronounced, their fate clear.

Enoch, compassionate in his plea,
Spoke to the Grigori, a counsel to see.
"Mend your ways, serve before His face,
Lest you provoke Him further, in this sacred space."

Heeding Enoch's words, a cosmic plea,
The Grigori, voices harmonious, set free.
Four ranks in heaven, their song begun,
Trumpets resounding, a celestial hum.

A pitiful ascent, their voices rise,
Affecting the Lord, who hears their cries.
Enoch, witness to this celestial ballet,
A chapter in the cosmic tale, in the fifth heaven's array.

Chapter 19

To the sixth heaven, guided by celestial hands,
Enoch ascends to where divine radiance stands.
Seven angelic groups, radiant and bright,
Faces outshining the sun, a celestial light.

In brilliance, they glow, distinctions erased,
Angelic hosts, in glory interlaced.
No variance in attire, demeanor, or face,
These angels of order, in harmonious grace.

Guardians of courses celestial, they reside,
Stars' movements, moon's phases, they decide.
Revolution of the sun, world's governance fair,
In their radiant presence, Enoch stands aware.

Their commands echo when wrongdoing they sense,
Instructions profound, in harmonious dispense.
Singing resonant praises, a celestial song,
A symphony that echoes the heavenly throng.

Archangels they are, higher than the rest,
Ordinary angels by their brilliance impressed.
Assessing all life, in both realms they dwell,
Heavens and Earth, their dominion swell.

Overseeing angels who seasons command,
Guiding the rivers, the seas, and the land.
Earth's produce, in their charge they hold,
Every blade of grass, their care unfolds.

Recording human souls, deeds, and lives,
Before the Lord, where creation thrives.
Six Phoenixes, Cherubim, and six-winged kin,

Unified voices in celestial din.

In this realm of splendor, Enoch stands amazed,
As the angels rejoice, their voices raised.
Before the Lord's presence, in unison they sing,
A cosmic harmony that the heavens bring.

Chapter 20

To the seventh heaven, lifted by celestial guides,
Enoch ascends, where radiant light abides.
Fiery legions of archangels ablaze,
Ethereal forces, in celestial haze.

Dominions, orders, governments untold,
Cherubim and Seraphim, their stories unfold.
Thrones and many-eyed beings divine,
A cosmic tapestry, in radiant shine.

Nine regiments, Ioanit stations of light,
A celestial spectacle, an awe-inspiring sight.
Enveloped in brilliance, Enoch trembles near,
Profound fear, as heavenly forces appear.

Yet the men, his guides, with words so clear,
"Take courage, Enoch, do not fear."
Further guided, a distant throne in sight,
Seated high, the Lord in glorious light.

Enoch, curious, questions with awe,
"Why on the tenth heaven do you draw?
If God resides there, tell me true,
What significance does this hold for you?"

In Hebrew tongue, Aravat, the name,
On the tenth heaven, God's domain.
Celestial hosts on ten steps aligned,
Bowing before the Lord, their brilliance defined.

Returning to positions with joyous song,
Rejoicing, singing, the heavenly throng.
In boundless light, their voices soar,
Tender yet powerful, forevermore.

Slavonic Enoch - Part 2

Chapter 21

In celestial realms, where angels reside,
Cherubim and seraphim, by the throne's side.
Six-winged, many-eyed, a heavenly array,
Their melodious voices in constant display.

"Holy, holy, holy," their anthem of praise,
Lord of Sabaoth, through endless days.
The heavens and earth echo the story,
Of God's glory in its boundless glory.

Enoch, amidst this celestial dance,
Witnessing wonders in a radiant trance.
The men who guided him, their journey's end,
Departed, vanishing from sight, around him no friend.

Alone at the edge of the seventh heaven's domain,
Fear embraced Enoch, a solitude profound, a spiritual strain.
To the ground, he fell, pondering his fate,
"What has happened?" he questioned, in a whispered state.

In response, Gabriel, the archangel near,
Sent by the Lord, his words to clear.
"Enoch, be courageous, do not fear,
Rise, enter the eternal presence, draw near."

Troubled within, Enoch replied,

"Fear and trembling in me abide.
Dependent on those who guided my way,
Can I approach the Lord without them, I pray?"

Gabriel, with gentleness, lifted him high,
Like a leaf in the wind, caught in the sky.
Positioned before the Lord's countenance bright,
In the eighth heaven, Muzaloth, a new cosmic height.

Changing seasons, droughts, and the firmament's turn,
Twelve constellations, in celestial pattern discern.
Above the seventh heaven, a realm so high,
Enoch witnessed the dance of the cosmic sky.

In the ninth heaven, Kuchavim, revealed,
Dwellings of constellations, celestial field.
Encircling the firmament, a heavenly sight,
Enoch, in awe, embraced the cosmic light.

The journey unfolds in celestial ascent,
Enoch's story, in divine realms spent.
From angels to archangels, each heaven revealed,
A cosmic odyssey, mysteries unsealed.

Chapter 22

To the tenth heaven, Aravoth by name,
Enoch ascended, in divine flame.
The Lord's face, like iron in fiery hue,
With sparks and heat, a majestic view.

Eternity wrapped in a moment's grace,
The Lord's visage, beyond words to trace.
Marvelous, awe-inspiring, and terror bound,
A divine encounter, in silence drowned.

Yet words falter, fail to paint the scene,
Of the Lord's being, and the heavenly sheen.
Wisdom immense, voices countless in array,
A throne grand, beings bright as day.

Prostrate before the Lord, Enoch bowed,
His lips, divine, spoke, and endowed:
"Take courage, Enoch, fear not the sight,
Stand before Me, bathed in eternal light."

Guided by Michael, archistratege of might,
Enoch approached, from darkness to light.
The Lord tested his servants' loyalty true,
"Let Enoch stand, as I command, in view."

Glorious ones bowed, their consent professed,
Enoch would proceed, divinely blessed.
To Michael, the Lord issued decree,
"Anoint him, clothe him, make him like Me."

Michael, obedient, anointed with oil divine,
A radiance exceeding the sun's bright shine.
Aroma gentle, like morning dew,
Transformed Enoch, his glory grew.

In garments of splendor, heavenly attire,

Enoch shone with celestial fire.
Reflecting the Lord's own glorious beings,
A transformation beyond mortal gleanings.

Then, Pravuil, wise archangel in flight,
Keeper of records, in the Lord's light.
Summoned forth, a divine commission,
To present Enoch with sacred provision.

Books from the storehouses of heavenly lore,
A reed for writing, solace in galore.
Pravuil handed these treasures rare,
To Enoch, entrusted with heavenly care.

A saga unfolding in the tenth heaven's embrace,
Enoch's journey, touched by divine grace.
In Aravoth's glow, the celestial stage,
A transcendent tale, echoing through age.

Chapter 23

Enoch's Writing and the Revelation of Eternal Preparation

In Aravoth's ethereal glow, where heavens meet,
Enoch stood, anointed, at the Lord's own seat.
Guided by Michael, in celestial attire,
He ventured forth, ascending higher and higher.

The tenth heaven unfolded, a realm divine,
The Lord's face, a vision in fiery shine.
Iron heated in the cosmic fire's breath,
Sparks and radiance, heralding life and death.

Eternity hung in a moment's embrace,
As Enoch glimpsed the Lord's majestic face.
Beyond words, the awe-inspiring sight,
Marvelous, terrifying, in divine light.

The Lord spoke, "Take courage, Enoch, stand tall,
In My presence, before Me, eternal thrall."
The archistratege Michael, with wings outspread,
Guided Enoch closer, where divine light led.

Glorious ones bowed to the Lord's decree,
Enoch would stand, eternally free.
In the eighth heaven, Muzaloth's grand design,
Changing seasons, constellations in radiant line.

Then to the ninth heaven, Kuchavim, a celestial sphere,
Dwellings of constellations, heavenly and clear.
Celestial governance, wisdom beyond compare,
Archangels, cherubim, a cosmic affair.

In this heavenly march, an ascendant stride,
Guided by beings with wings open wide.
Enoch stood at the edge of the seventh height,
Overwhelmed by the celestial light.

The men who guided him, with purpose clear,
In celestial radiance, began to disappear.
Alone at the edge of the seventh expanse,
Enoch pondered, caught in a cosmic dance.

The archangel Gabriel, in garments bright,
Sent by the Lord, emerged in heavenly light.
"Be courageous, Enoch, fear not," he said,
"Rise and enter the Lord's presence," he pled.

Troubled and trembling, Enoch voiced his fear,
"I depended on guides, can I approach near?"
Gabriel, with gentle strength, uplifted the mortal,
Carried like a leaf in the wind's gentle portal.

In the eighth heaven, Muzaloth's sublime,
Enoch witnessed the changing of cosmic time.
Seasons, droughts, the twelve constellations' gaze,
Guided by Michael, in celestial maze.

The ninth heaven, Kuchavim's divine array,
Constellations' homes in cosmic ballet.
Guided by beings with wings extended wide,
Enoch journeyed with celestial stride.

Pravuil, wise archangel in wisdom's attire,
Presented books from the divine storehouse entire.
A reed for writing, a sacred task assigned,
Enoch, chosen scribe, in knowledge enshrined.

He recorded the movements of heavenly might,
The thunders' roars, stars' alignments bright.
Celestial courses, seasons, and years,
Knowledge bestowed, dispelling mortal fears.

Pravuil, the guide, issued a solemn command,
"Engrave the multitude of souls in the sand,
Their births, destinies, predetermined and clear,
Before the world formed, their fates appear."

Thirty days and nights, Enoch's quill inscribed,
Three hundred sixty-six books, wisdom prescribed.
Knowledge flowed from heavenly fountains high,
A celestial script, a divine lullaby.

In the eternal halls, where knowledge takes flight,
Enoch wrote, guided by Pravuil's light.
A saga unfolding in pages untold,
In Aravoth's embrace, Enoch's story unfolds.

Chapter 24

Enoch's Encounter with God's Wisdom and Power

In the celestial courts, where wisdom takes her throne,
The Lord summoned Enoch, his secrets to be known.
"Enoch, by my side, with Gabriel stand,
Behold the mysteries of the unseen land."

Bowing humbly before the Lord's majestic seat,
Enoch listened, anticipation in his heartbeat.
"My beloved Enoch, all things you'll see,
Before creation's dawn, I unravel unto thee."

The Lord's voice, a symphony of cosmic might,
Revealing secrets veiled in eternal light.
"Listen, Enoch, let your spirit soar,
Into the depths of wisdom, forevermore."

"Not even angels, with wings unfurled,
Grasp the mysteries of this cosmic world.
Today, I share with you, my dear,
The hidden truths that angels fear."

"Before the canvas of creation was spread,
I roamed the realms where shadows tread.
Like the sun that graces east and west,
My essence moved, an eternal quest."

"Unlike the sun, in tranquil skies,
No respite found in ceaseless ties.
My creativity, a boundless sea,

Demanded form, demanded reality."

"From nothingness, I shaped the void,
Laws of existence, I employed.
Visible and invisible, a cosmic ballet,
Woven together in this grand display."

"Enoch, peer into the tapestry divine,
Where galaxies and stars in brilliance shine.
I, the Architect, the Weaver of the night,
Crafted existence from purest light."

"With wisdom as my eternal guide,
I moved, and worlds did then abide.
Infinite dominion, my realm's expanse,
A dance of galaxies, a cosmic trance."

"Angels, though mighty in their grace,
Gaze upon this marvel, seeking a trace.
Yet, the depth of their origin eludes,
Their understanding in the cosmic interludes."

"But to you, Enoch, today I unveil,
Secrets profound, my wisdom's trail.
Into the core of creation, you shall dive,
A mortal chosen, in this cosmic archive."

Enoch, enraptured, his spirit aflight,
Embarked on a journey, through wisdom's light.
The Lord's revelations, a cosmic decree,
Unveiling the secrets of eternity.

"Behold, Enoch, the unseen expanse,
Where time and space in a cosmic dance.
I, the Creator, the eternal source,
Forge existence on a boundless course."

Through the corridors of wisdom, Enoch soared,
His mortal frame with celestial lore adorned.

The mysteries of creation, a cosmic scroll,
Unraveling before him, a tale to extol.

"Before the stars adorned the night,
Before the galaxies burst into sight,
I, the Eternal, the cosmic guide,
Moved in realms where shadows hide."

"Enoch, my beloved, grasp this truth,
Beyond the realms of age and youth.
I, the Architect of time and space,
Reveal to you the cosmic embrace."

As the Lord's words echoed in eternity's hall,
Enoch stood, enraptured, before wisdom's thrall.
His mortal eyes beholding the unseen,
In the cosmic tapestry, a chosen glean.

In the dance of galaxies and celestial hymns,
The mortal and divine entwined their whims.
Enoch, the conduit of eternal decree,
In the Lord's wisdom, forever free.

Chapter 25

Emergence of the Visible and Invisible from the Depths

In the cosmic theater of depths profound,
Where shadows dance and mysteries abound,
The Lord, the Architect, in majestic decree,
Commanded the emergence of the visible sea.

Adoil, a radiant presence, great and bright,
With a luminous belly, a celestial light,
Unravel, Adoil, let the visible unfold,
A cosmic tale in the universe's hold.

As Adoil obeyed the Lord's command,
A brilliant light engulfed the cosmic land.
Within the radiance, Enoch stood,
In the splendor of creation, divinely good.

A great age birthed from the cosmic womb,
Unveiling destinies that eternity would groom.
The Lord, surveying this canvas divine,
Found favor in creation, in the grand design.

Upon a throne, the Lord did sit,
Commanding the light, a cosmic fit.
"Ascend," He spoke, "form a foundation true,
For the loftiest entities, my vision pursue."

Above the throne, a foundation formed,
A cosmic order, majestically adorned.
The Lord surveyed, with eyes profound,
His handiwork, the universe unbound.

Above the light, a void untold,
An emptiness where mysteries unfold.
Raising His eyes to the cosmic expanse,
The Lord beheld creation's grand dance.

In the tapestry of time, Enoch gazed,
As cosmic symphonies were composed and phased.
In the throne room of eternity's grace,
The Lord's creation found its destined place.

Enveloped in light, a celestial sea,
Visible and invisible, a cosmic decree.
The Lord, the weaver of galaxies bright,
Commanded creation with divine insight.

The visible arose from shadows deep,
In the cosmic rhythm, a promise to keep.
Adoil, the herald of the cosmic birth,
Unraveled the mysteries, the secrets of Earth.

From depths to heights, the cosmic span,
A masterpiece woven since time began.
The Lord, on His throne, in majestic pride,
In the cosmic dance, creation did guide.

Enoch, a witness to this cosmic birth,
In the symphony of eternity, found his worth.
As the Lord's creation took its place,
Enoch marveled in the splendor and grace.

Chapter 26

Archas, the Foundation for Lower Things

From the abyss profound, a command unfurls,
Summoning Archas, where the cosmic tapestry swirls.
"Arise, Archas, from the deepest of deep,
Firm and unyielding, from shadows seep."

Emerging, Archas, in solidity clad,
Heavy and reddish, a foundation to be had.
In the dance of invisibility and form,
The cosmic symphony begins to swarm.

"Be undone, Archas," the decree unfurls,
And he unravels, the cosmic dance whirls.
An immense darkness, a primordial birth,
The foundation laid for entities of lower worth.

"Descend below, Archas, cornerstone profound,
For lower existence, let your essence be bound."
The cosmic architect, with wisdom vast,
Guiding the dance, the eternal contrast.

In the descent, Archas takes his place,
A cornerstone formed in the cosmic grace.
Below, where shadows and mysteries teem,
The foundation set for the cosmic dream.

Lower entities rise on Archas's might,

From the cosmic darkness to the realms of light.
A dance of creation, a cosmic play,
In the grand theatre of night and day.

The architect's voice echoes through space,
Guiding Archas in the cosmic embrace.
Solid and heavy, yet part of the plan,
A cornerstone woven in destiny's span.

As Archas descends, a cornerstone laid,
In the cosmic symphony, a role portrayed.
For lower things to find their way,
Archas, the foundation, in the cosmic ballet.

From the abyss to realms below,
Archas, the architect's masterful throw.
In the grand design of eternity,
A foundation set for the cosmic sea.

The dance continues, the cosmic theme,
Archas, the foundation, in the cosmic scheme.
Solid and unyielding, yet part of the whole,
In the cosmic epic, a significant role.

Chapter 27

Establishing the Waters and the Foundation of Earth

In the cosmic dance, where light and dark entwine,
A command echoes through the vast design.
"Combine, O elements, in a waltz profound,
Thicken and spread, in the cosmic round."

Light and darkness, a celestial embrace,
Interwoven, forming a mystical space.
Over the void, beneath the shimmering light,
Creation stirs in the cosmic night.

From this dance, water takes its birth,
A liquid tapestry, a celestial girth.
I, the cosmic architect, decree,
In the depths, water flows free.

Waves sculpted into rocks, a grand design,
Dry land emerges, the earth, divine.
Abyss at the center, boundless and deep,
Where cosmic secrets in silence sleep.

Seas unite, bound by an unseen yoke,
In the cosmic symphony, a harmonious stroke.
Eternal boundaries, the sea shall know,
A rhythm set in the ebb and flow.

Firmament above, a celestial dome,
A masterpiece crafted, a cosmic poem.
Named by my hand, in the cosmic play,
The first-created Sunday, a radiant day.

In this realm of creation, where elements twirl,
A symphony of existence begins to unfurl.
A dance of water, earth, and sky,
In the cosmic theater, where worlds comply.

The architect's hand, a brush divine,
Painting the canvas where worlds entwine.
Light and darkness, water and land,
Crafting the cosmos with an artist's hand.

So, in the cosmic chronicle, this chapter inscribed,
Creation's tale, in beauty described.
Establishing waters, foundation of earth,
A celestial ballet, of majestic birth.

Chapter 28

Continuation of Creation in the Second Week

In the cosmic tapestry of the second week,
Evening and morning, a celestial streak.
Marking the passage of the second Monday's light,
A dance of elements, a spectacle in the night.

I gazed upon the forces, the essence of fire,
A creation unfolding, a divine desire.
Imprinting fire upon the heavenly host,
A dual nature, in water and fire engrossed.

Lightning, born of my celestial decree,
A paradox, both fire and water, wild and free.
It outshines the sun in its fiery dance,
Possessing water's gentle, liquid trance.

From the solid rock, a great fire arose,
Incorporeal angels, in radiant clothes.
Their weapons ablaze, attire a flame,
Each stationed in order, none the same.

Yet, among these beings of heavenly might,
One harbored ambitions, forbidden, out of sight.
Desiring a throne above the clouds so high,
To rival my power, to touch the sky.

A rebellion brewed in the celestial dome,
An angel's pride sought a perilous home.
Casting him down with his rebellious kin,

Into the abyss, where chaos begins.

Suspended above the bottomless void,
Their fate sealed, in darkness, destroyed.
A cosmic drama of power and pride,
Unfolding in the celestial tide.

In this second week, creation unfolds,
A tale of fire, ambition, as destiny molds.
Evening and morning, the cosmic flow,
A narrative in the celestial glow.

Chapter 29

Formation of Heavenly Troops and Angels' Rebellion

In the cosmic chronicles of the second
Monday's glow,
Evening fading, morning's light to show.
I glimpsed the essence of fire for heavenly
hosts,
A dance of creation, where no power boasts.

Upon the firm rock, my gaze did linger,
Lightning's nature, a divine fingerprint on
the celestial singer.
Fire in water, water in fire, a paradox
untold,
Brighter than the sun, in its tale, bold.

Soft as water, yet firmer than rock's embrace,
Lightning, a celestial marvel, in the cosmic
space.
From the solid rock, a great fire took flight,
Ten orders of angels, clad in garments of
light.

Incorporeal troops with fiery might,
Weapons aglow, a celestial sight.
Their positions ordered in harmonious array,
Each angel's role, a part in the cosmic
ballet.

Yet, within this assembly, ambition took
flight,
An angel's desire to rival my celestial might.

To elevate his throne above the clouds so
high,
In rebellion, he reached for power in the sky.

I, in my divine decree, cast him down,
His followers with him, into the abyss to
drown.
Suspended above the bottomless void,
A cosmic tale of ambition destroyed.

The celestial drama, a narrative untold,
In the second week's cosmic fold.
Evening and morning, the cosmic stage,
A tale of creation, rebellion, and rage.

Chapter 30

Continuation of Creation on the Third and Fourth Days

In the chronicles of the third day's birth,
Earth, at my command, burgeoned with mirth.
Lush trees adorned the fertile ground,
Paradise in my vision, a creation profound.

With armed, fiery angels encircling the land,
Renewed creation, a divine command.
Evening's curtain fell, and morning's light unfurled,
The fourth day emerged in the cosmic swirl.

Wednesday, in the celestial dance,
Heavenly circles adorned with a luminous trance.
Stars like Kruno graced the uppermost sphere,
Aphrodit, Aris, Zoues, their light so clear.

The lesser moon in the seventh circle shone,
With its companions, a celestial zone.
Below, the sun and stars took their flight,
Illuminating day and turning night.

Twelve constellations, a cosmic decree,
Guiding the months in their celestial spree.
Thunderings and hour-markings, I did prescribe,
As evening turned to morning, the fifth day arrived.

Thursday's breath, I commanded the sea,

Fishes and birds, diverse and free.
Creeping creatures on the earth did crawl,
Male and female, life's spirit did install.

Evening followed, and morning did declare,
The sixth day unfolded with creatures rare.
Friday, wisdom harnessed in my hands,
Crafting man from Earth's seven strands.

Flesh, blood, eyes from the sun's bright gaze,
Bones from stone in mysterious ways.
Intelligence from angelic might,
Veins and hair from Earth's green light.

Soul from my breath, a divine wind,
Seven senses, each with purpose pinned.
Hearing, sight, smell, and touch,
Taste, endurance, and enjoyment as such.

Small and great, his speech did flow,
Honorable, great, a ruler to show.
In my creation, none compared,
To man, in glory, all creatures he dared.

Adam, named from Earth's embrace,
Two paths before him, a testing space.
Light and darkness, love and hate,
His choices defined his earthly fate.

Good and bad, a cosmic test,
His nature revealed, in ignorance dressed.
Sin's shadow loomed, and with it, death,
A dance with fate, an inevitable breath.

Induced sleep, a rib did part,
His companion formed, a work of art.
Mother Eve, from his side,
A union destined, a fateful tide.

Chapter 31

God Delivers Paradise to Adam and Reveals Angels Singing

In the realm of Earth, Adam found his abode,
A garden in Eden's east, a covenant bestowed.
Commandments and promises, a sacred lore,
Guided by my word, he would explore.

Heavens parted, a celestial gate,
Angels descended, their songs elate.
Victorious hymns, a light so bright,
Enveloped the garden in eternal night.

Paradise embraced Adam in its fold,
A world anew, its stories yet untold.
But in this haven, a lurking strife,
The devil perceived, a threat to his life.

Adam's dominion, a source of ire,
The devil, Satanail, fueled by dark desire.
From heaven's heights, he tumbled down,
A fallen angel, his destiny to drown.

Different from angels, in darkness he roamed,
Condemned for sins in heaven he owned.
He plotted schemes against Adam's grace,
In Eden's bliss, a treacherous chase.

Yet, in my curse, a nuanced art,
Not against Earth or creatures to impart.
Ignorance cursed, but not the man,
A tale of choices since time began.

A garden flourished in Eden's embrace,
A testament to man's destined place.
Angels singing, a celestial choir,
A symphony echoing, higher and higher.

But the devil, in shadows deep,
Stirred the pot, sowed seeds to reap.
Envy and malice, his infernal guide,
Against Adam's rule, he would abide.

Adam, innocent in Eden's light,
Unaware of the devil's perilous plight.
A covenant and command to obey,
Yet, darkness loomed in the grand display.

The devil, in sin, recognized his fall,
A cosmic rebellion, a story for all.
Against the Creator, he bore a grudge,
A serpent's hiss, a venomous judge.

The heavens wept, but Adam stood tall,
In Paradise, where the celestial songs enthrall.
Yet, the devil's shadow, a lingering strife,
A dance of choices, the narrative of life.

In the garden's heart, innocence played,
Yet, the devil's schemes were deftly laid.
A tale unfolding, a cosmic decree,
In the Edenic chapters, the struggle to be free.

So, Adam dwelled in Eden's embrace,
A covenant etched, a sacred space.
Angels singing, a celestial hymn,
A prelude to choices, both dark and dim.

Chapter 32

Consequences of Adam's Sin and God's Plans

Once Adam dwelled in Eden's serene embrace,
A covenant binding, a sacred space.
Yet, choices made, a tale of fate,
Unraveled a story, the consequence of weight.

To Adam, I spoke, words weighed in earth,
"You are of this soil, of humble birth.
To the earth, I send you, in dust, you'll reside,
Not ruin upon you, but a return to your side."

A promise echoed, a second coming foretold,
In time's tapestry, a narrative to unfold.
For Adam, a journey, a cyclical dance,
Between earth's soil and divine expanse.

Invisible creatures, their blessings received,
Visible and unseen, in harmony conceived.
Adam, granted moments, a paradise so bright,
Five and a half hours, in Eden's pure light.

A Sabbath blessing, the seventh-day rest,
As Adam, in tranquility, his labors ceased.
A sacred pause, a divine decree,
In the rhythm of time, a symphony.

Yet, choices made, like ripples on a pond,
Echoed through ages, a tale to respond.
In Eden's garden, innocence lost,
A cosmic price, a sorrowful cost.

Adam's sin, a shadow cast,
Consequences vast, a die was cast.
To the earth, he would return,
But hope remained, a lesson to learn.

Invisible threads wove fate's design,
A promise whispered, a grand design.
"I shall welcome you again,"
A refrain in time's eternal reign.

The Sabbath, a day of sacred rest,
A symbol in time, divinely blessed.
Adam's labor, a brief endeavor,
In the vastness of eternity, a fleeting hour.

In the dance of creation, a cosmic plan,
Visible and unseen, in God's hand.
Adam's journey, a tale of grace,
A pilgrimage through time and space.

The consequence of choice, a heavy toll,
Yet, in the narrative, a redemption's scroll.
A promise made, a second chance,
In the divine theater, a cosmic dance.

So, Adam, in his earthly plight,
An echo of choices, in day and night.
In the garden's echo, a sacred hush,
A tale of creation, a timeless brush.

Chapter 33

God's Revelation of the World's Age to Enoch

Upon the eighth day, beyond the creation's crest,
A revelation unfolded, a timeless quest.
Seven thousand years, a celestial frame,
In the eighth, a mystery, without name.

No weeks, no days, no hours to tether,
A timeless span, unbound by earthly weather.
Enoch, grasp this wisdom, from realms divine,
Insights into the heavenly, the earthly, they intertwine.

From the font of my wisdom, the fount of creation,
Top to bottom, a cosmic narration.
No advisor, no heir in this divine creation,
Self-eternal, uncrafted, beyond mortal elation.

Immutable, unsculpted by mortal hands,
My thoughts guide me across celestial lands.
Words manifest, wisdom's eloquent decree,
My eyes observe, tremble with awe in silent glee.

Should I avert my gaze, the cosmos crumbles,
In my sight, the cosmic symphony humbles.
Enoch, discern the speaker, hold these books near,

Take Samuil and Raguil, let their guidance appear.

Descend, Enoch, to Earth's embrace,
Convey the knowledge from heavenly space.
From lower heavens to my celestial throne,
To your descendants, let this wisdom be known.

All forces at my behest, a creation complete,
None resist, none evade my celestial seat.
In labor and essence, they serve my rule,
A cosmic ballet, a celestial school.

Impart the books, your handwritten lore,
Generations to come, nations galore.
Read, recognize, in every land,
No god but me, the Creator, to understand.

Enoch, a messenger across the ages,
Inscribed wisdom on history's pages.
To your descendants, the scrolls unfurl,
A cosmic saga, the story of the world.

Michael, archistratege, your guardian true,
In celestial archives, your legacy he'll strew.
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, and the line,
Jared, your father, under his watchful sign.

In the celestial library, your writings reside,
Guarded by Michael, in wisdom, they abide.
Enoch, a beacon in the cosmic night,
A bridge between realms, a celestial light.

Chapter 34

God's Judgment and the Deluge

In the vast expanse where realms entwine,
A tale unfolds, a cosmic design.
God, the weaver of destiny's thread,
Observes the Earth, where mortals tread.

Rejecting commands, the yoke they deny,
Worthless generations under the sky.
Disregard for God, to idols they bow,
Unity fractured, lost in the now.

Falsehoods sprout in the soil of the earth,
Depravities unspeakable, a morbid hearth.
Vile wickedness, a toxic seed,
Spreads through the hearts, like a venomous deed.

God, the arbiter, the cosmic judge,
Weighs the hearts, does not begrudge.
In the tapestry of time, a dark thread,
A deluge descends, where shadows are bred.

Darkness veils the celestial stage,
As God pronounces a cosmic wage.
A torrential downpour, a cleansing tide,
Washing away the sin and pride.

Clouds gather in celestial might,
Thunder roars, heralding the night.
Raindrops dance, a cosmic ballet,
Unleashing a flood to sweep sins away.

Majestic waves, a celestial sea,
Engulfing all, setting spirits free.
Mountains bow, valleys rise,
Nature's chorus, a symphony of sighs.

Man and beast, a unified stream,
In the watery embrace, a celestial dream.
As the deluge weaves its aqueous tale,
Judgment descends, a cosmic gale.

Arks afloat, vessels of salvation,
Navigating the celestial inundation.
Noah, the chosen, a righteous guide,
Through tumultuous waters, they'll abide.

In the swirling currents, a cosmic dance,
As the world succumbs to fate's advance.
God's tears, the rain that falls,
Cleansing the earth, within its thralls.

The moon whispers tales of the aqueous sweep,
Stars bear witness as the oceans creep.
Noah stands firm, the righteous helm,
Guiding through waters, the celestial realm.

Days transform into nights profound,
The celestial flood, a timeless bound.
Nature's fury, God's cosmic ire,
Yet, from the chaos, a spark of fire.

Onward sails the chosen few,
Through the cosmic ocean, a celestial hue.
A covenant etched in the arc of the sky,
A rainbow of promise, God's reply.

The deluge subsides, the waters retreat,
Earth reborn, a cosmic feat.
Noah disembarks on sacred land,
The covenant sealed, a divine hand.

A new beginning, a celestial page,
In the cosmic theater, a righteous stage.
God's judgment, a cleansing tide,
In the book of time, forever abide.

Chapter 35

Continuation of Enoch's Lineage and the Faithful Generation

In the cosmic dance of time's grand parade,
Another chapter in the celestial cascade.
From Enoch's loins, a lineage unfolds,
A tale of the future, as prophecy foretold.

Behold, a generation in the distant mist,
A tapestry woven, where destinies twist.
Yet, amid the heirs of the righteous seed,
Lurks insatiability, a perilous breed.

Guiding this brood, a chosen hand,
Unveiling the books from the ancient land.
Inscribed by Enoch, forefathers' quill,
A sacred lore, a celestial thrill.

These volumes of wisdom, a legacy profound,
Entrusted to guardians, the faithful,
renowned.
In the corridors of time, their charge to
keep,
Watchers of secrets, in celestial sleep.

The faithful ones, with hearts aglow,
Bear the mantle, the divine afterglow.
Workers of God's will, in reverence they
stand,
Holding His name, like a jewel in hand.

They, the stewards of Earth's sacred lore,
Guardians of knowledge, forevermore.

In their hands, the fate of the world,
A sacred scroll, in mysteries furled.

Passed through ages, from hand to hand,
The sacred scrolls, a celestial band.
Knowledge bequeathed to each eager heir,
The faithful's duty, the celestial air.

A relay of wisdom through the earthly span,
Each reader, a part of a cosmic plan.
From the roots of Enoch's sacred line,
Sprouts a tree of knowledge, divine.

Those who delve into the ancient tome,
Ignite a flame, their minds to comb.
Greater glory, the reward they seek,
A celestial journey, where the bold are meek.

The faithful ones, with ink-stained hands,
Transcribe the truths, like shifting sands.
For in the scrolls, a sacred decree,
A pledge to God's eternal legacy.

To subsequent generations, the torch is passed,
In the cosmic theater, shadows cast.
And those who read with open eyes,
Shall find in wisdom, the greatest prize.

Glory upon glory, like the sun's ascent,
The faithful ones, with hearts content.
Enoch's lineage, a celestial ray,
Guiding seekers along wisdom's way.

In the vast expanse of time, they tread,
The guardians of truth, the sacred thread.
From the scrolls of old, the wisdom flows,
A river eternal, where understanding grows.

So, let the books of Enoch unfold,
In the narrative of time, a story to be told.
A lineage faithful, a continuum's song,
In the cosmic dance, where souls belong.

Chapter 36

Enoch's Earthly Sojourn and Return to Heaven

Enoch, the righteous one, in wisdom steeped,
A sojourn granted, secrets to be reaped.
Upon Earth's bosom, thirty days bestowed,
To share the revelations, the divine code.

The Lord, in majesty, spoke to Enoch wise,
"Thirty days within your earthly ties.
Address your sons, your household, all,
Reveal the truths, let knowledge enthrall.

For in your pen, the sacred ink imbued,
The tales of heavens, the cosmic interlude.
Let your kin know, there's no god but one,
In the celestial hymn, where stars are spun.

Encourage them, my commandments to keep,
In the scrolls of wisdom, let their minds sweep.
Delve into the writings, penned with care,
A celestial saga, a wisdom to bear.

Thirty days, the sand in time's vast glass,
A fleeting moment, a temporal pass.
For after this span, my angel shall descend,
To carry you, Enoch, where realms transcend.

Away from Earth, from your descendants dear,
To the heavenly abode, without a tear.
Prepare, O Enoch, the celestial flight,
To join the angels, in eternal light.

Gather your kin, your household, near,
Whisper the truths that they revere.
In the language of stars, in the tongue divine,
Let your words weave a celestial sign.

Speak of the heavens, of the seventh height,
Of angels' wings, aglow with sacred light.
Reveal the mysteries, the divine decree,
That in the cosmic dance, we all are free.

For thirty days, let wisdom flow,
Like a sacred river, in its celestial glow.
Impart the knowledge, a legacy's boon,
Underneath the waning, waxing moon.

The commandments, a celestial chart,
Navigate the seas of the human heart.
In the writings, the ink of revelation,
Find the path to divine salvation.

And when the sun completes its earthly arc,
The angelic herald, a celestial spark,
Shall descend with wings of radiant might,
To usher Enoch into the celestial height.

Away from Earth, from temporal kin,
A journey to where the angels begin.
Through the cosmic sea, on ethereal sail,
Beyond the stars, where celestial winds wail.

So, Enoch, prepare for the heavenly quest,
A sojourn in realms where souls find rest.
The earthly bonds, in grace, untwine,
As you ascend to where the heavens entwine.

Chapter 37

God Summons an Angel

In the sacred realms, where celestial wonders unfold,
The Lord summoned an angel, fearsome and bold.
An ancient being, imposing and grand,
A sentinel of the heavens, at the Lord's command.

White as the snow, his visage profound,
Hands icy, like waters frozen and bound.
Intense frost adorned his awe-inspiring form,
As he stood near Enoch, in the celestial norm.

Enrobed in the chill of ethereal air,
His presence invoked both reverence and scare.
Before this angelic being, the ancient of days,
Enoch stood, transfixed in a celestial maze.

The Lord, in His glory, addressed Enoch wise,
In the language of angels, where knowledge lies.
"Behold this angel, ancient and grand,
Frost-kissed, with a power that spans the land.

His countenance freezes, a celestial decree,
For mortals to gaze upon eternity.
In his presence, like facing sun's blazing fire,
A dance of extremes, an awe-filled lyre.

Your face, O Enoch, shall mirror this freeze,
A celestial visage, an artistry to appease.
If not for this frost upon your mortal gaze,
No earthly soul your countenance braves.

A blend of fire and ice, a paradox untold,
In the tapestry of heavens, a story to unfold.
Fear not, O Enoch, this celestial frost,
In its icy embrace, no earthly cost.

For your countenance frozen, a glimpse divine,
A reflection of the eternal, a celestial sign.
In this icy visage, mortals find despair,
Yet in its mystery, a cosmic affair.

As you tread the paths of the celestial sphere,
Your face, a testament, both far and near.
Frozen in time, yet a beacon of light,
Guiding mortals through the cosmic night."

So spoke the Lord, in His wisdom profound,
As the angelic being's frosty aura crowned.
Enoch, in reverence, accepted the decree,
A frozen countenance, for eternity to see.

In the cosmic drama, where angels play,
Enoch's face mirrored the frosty display.
A paradoxical tale of fire and ice,
A celestial symphony, a grand device.

Thus, in the celestial realms, Enoch stood,
His face adorned with the frosty hood.
A frozen visage, a testament clear,
To the mysteries of heavens, drawing near.

And as the ancient angel lingered by,
Enoch, frozen, raised his mortal eye.
In the dance of elements, in celestial trance,

He embraced the frost, a cosmic romance.

Slavonic Enoch - Part 3

Chapter 38

Mathusal's Hope and Enoch's Return

In the realm where heavens touch the Earth's embrace,
A celestial decree, an ethereal grace.
Enoch, guided by angels, a journey profound,
To the earthly abode, in wisdom unbound.

The Lord's voice, a whisper in the cosmic breeze,
Spoke to the men who sailed celestial seas.
"Let Enoch descend, return to the land,
Await his return, a celestial command."

With wings of light, they carried him down,
From celestial heights to earthly ground.
Upon a bed, as the night drew near,
Enoch descended, a mortal, no fear.

Mathusal, vigilant in the earthly night,
Anticipating Enoch, a celestial light.
Beside the bed, where dreams may weave,
He waited in silence, his heart a sieve.

Day and night, in a trance profound,

Mathusal stood, his senses bound.
Awe filled his soul, as the news was sung,
Of Enoch's return, from the heavenly rung.

Enoch, in his earthly chamber laid,
A tale to tell, a journey displayed.
Mathusal, eager, his eyes ablaze,
Awaits the wisdom, in the moonlight's gaze.

Enoch spoke, "Gather my kin near,
Those dear to my heart, those I hold dear.
A revelation awaits, a celestial lore,
To share with my household, forevermore."

Mathusal, swift as the morning light,
Summoned the household, in the soft twilight.
They gathered around, a circle complete,
In the hush of the night, in the cosmic seat.

Enoch, his eyes reflecting celestial fire,
Began to speak, his voice a lyre.
"Listen, my kin, to the tale I weave,
From the realms above, where angels heave.

I traversed heavens, each ethereal plane,
In the company of angels, a celestial train.
From the first to the seventh, a cosmic flight,
In the realm of light, and the starry night.

I beheld the archangels, their wings aglow,
Fiery beings, a celestial show.
Cherubim, Seraphim, in radiant array,
In the dance of light, in the cosmic ballet.

On the eighth and ninth, I gazed upon,
The changing seasons, the celestial dawn.
In Muzaloth and Kuchavim's embrace,
I witnessed the wonders, the heavenly grace.

Then to the tenth, Aravoth's divine face,
Iron heated, a fiery embrace.
The Lord's command, His voice so clear,
Echoing through the celestial sphere.

Michael, the archistratege, guided my way,
As I stood before the Lord, in bright array.
Anointed with oil, in garments divine,
A transformation, in the heavenly shrine.

Pravuil, wise and swift, a celestial scribe,
Presented books, in the heavenly vibe.
Knowledge unfolded, like petals unfurl,
In the cosmic dance, in the celestial swirl.

I scribed the movements of elements divine,
In thirty days, the celestial design.
Three hundred sixty-six books, a cosmic lore,
A revelation profound, forevermore.

Then, the Lord spoke, in wisdom supreme,
Revealing the secrets, like a celestial dream.
From the depths to the heights, His creation's
tale,
In a symphony of light, a celestial trail.

Now, my kin, as I return to the sky,
A celestial sojourn, a mortal goodbye.
Mathusal, keep vigil, in wisdom embrace,
Until the day I return to this earthly space."

The household, in silence, their hearts in
awe,
Enoch's tale, a celestial law.
Mathusal, the keeper of the celestial flame,
Awaits the return, in the Creator's name.

As Enoch ascends, on celestial wing,

A hymn of farewell, let the heavens sing.
To the earthly realm, a tale profound,
Enoch's journey, in the cosmic bound.

Chapter 39

Enoch's Tearful Admonition to His Sons

In the twilight's hush, Enoch stood, a
patriarch of old,
His voice a river, a tale untold.
"Children dear, attend, to my words lend an
ear,
For what I speak, the Lord's message clear.

Not of my own accord, this voice I bear,
A celestial decree, a divine affair.
Today, before you, in mortal guise,
Yet witnessed realms where the heavenly lies.

The Lord, in grace, allows my voice,
To share His words, to guide your choice.
From His lips to your humble abode,
A message profound, a heavenly code.

See my face, worn with earthly years,
Yet in His presence, I conquered fears.
His countenance, a sight ablaze,
Like iron glowing in the cosmic maze.

Sparks and heat, His divine fire,
A vision beyond mortal desire.
Look into my eyes, children mine,
For I've glimpsed the sun's radiant line.

Radiant orbs, in divine array,
Unlike mortal gaze, in the Lord's display.
My right hand, a guide for you,
Yet His hand fills the celestial blue.

Behold my works, humble and small,
Yet His creation, boundless, enthralled.
Endless vistas, realms untold,
A perfect creation, a story to unfold.

My spoken words, in earthly sound,
His voice, a thunder that does resound.
Imagine, dear ones, the fear untold,
Before the ruler of heavens, ageless and old.

The overseer of life and death,
Celestial armies at His breath.
Can mortal heart bear such weight,
Before the heavenly magistrate?

The earth's father, with wisdom lined,
His admonition, to you, bind.
Fear the Lord, in reverence stand,
A ruler vast, a cosmic hand.

For what I've seen, in realms above,
A cosmic dance, a tale of love.
His message echoes, through my voice,
A celestial wisdom, a divine choice.

The day of judgment, a distant shore,
His words resonate, forevermore.
Listen, my children, to the celestial call,
Heed His wisdom, for one and all.

Though mortal guise I now display,
In heavenly realms, I found my way.
The tears in my eyes, a father's plea,
Embrace His guidance, for eternity.

This mortal form, a transient guise,
The Lord's message, the true prize.
With tearful eyes and heartfelt plea,

Embrace His wisdom, eternally free."

Chapter 40

Enoch's Revelation of Cosmic Wisdom

Enoch, the sage with ancient eyes,
In wisdom deep, where knowledge lies.
With words that echo from heavenly heights,
Reveals cosmic truths in celestial lights.

"Children mine, behold, I stand,
A vessel of wisdom from the Lord's own hand.
From the start to finish, my eyes have seen,
Truths profound, in realms serene.

I know all things, the cosmic ballet,
Recorded in books, the Lord's own say.
The heavens' secrets, their grand design,
The legions vast in their cosmic line.

I've measured the stars, their multitude vast,
Who among angels, or humans cast,
Comprehends their orbits, their celestial
dance?
Yet, I've penned their names, in cosmic
expanse.

The sun's course, its rays, and hours,
Chronicled with celestial powers.
All that traverses this fertile ground,
Sown and unsown, in cycles round.

Earth's produce, plants, and fragrant flowers,
Their names inscribed in celestial bowers.
The abodes of clouds, their wings unfurled,
How they bear rain to the waiting world.

Thunder and lightning, in symphony grand,
Keys and guardians, revealed, understand.
Their origin, path, the manner of release,
A measured chain, to bring forth peace.

Storehouses of snow and cold's embrace,
The treasury of frosty winds in their space.
Guardians of seasons, clouds they fill,
Without depleting the celestial hill.

Domains of winds, with keys they wield,
Armed with scales and measures, revealed.
Distributing winds, skillful and grand,
Balancing forces to calm the land.

I've measured the earth, its mountains and hills,
Fields and trees, the rivers that thrills.
Documented heights from Earth to heaven's door,
Descending deep to hell's vast floor.

A place of judgment, open, weeping hell,
The anguish of the damned, where they dwell.
Awaiting judgment, boundless and vast,
By the divine arbiter, their deeds cast.

Sentences, deeds, and judgments profound,
Inscribed in celestial scrolls, tightly bound.
Children dear, heed this cosmic lore,
In wisdom deep, forevermore.

I stand before you, a mortal sage,
Yet in my words, an immortal page.
From the Lord's lips, this knowledge flows,
A cosmic dance, where wisdom glows.

For in these books, the celestial code,

The path of righteousness, the heavenly road.
Children, grasp this wisdom true,
A gift from realms, beyond the blue."

Chapter 41

Enoch's Lament for Adam's Sin

In the depths of time, where shadows play,
I, Enoch, beheld the ancestors' array.
From Adam and Eve, the lineage unfurls,
A tale of joy, of honor, and sorrows that swirl.

Heavy, my heart, laden with despair,
As I witnessed their tale, a mournful affair.
Tears, like rivers, streamed from my gaze,
Lamenting the dishonor, through time's maze.

Oh, the weakness, mine and those before,
In my heart, a lament, a sorrowful lore.
"Fortunate," I spoke, with a heavy sigh,
"Is the one who escapes sin, no burden to apply.

Born or not, if sin they defy,
In the Lord's presence, they won't come nigh.
This place of burden, this realm of woe,
Shall touch them not, no tears to sow.

Oh, Adam and Eve, in the garden's embrace,
How swiftly you fell from grace.
Your story unfolds, a tragic refrain,
A melody of loss, a symphony of pain.

Generations passed, in a cosmic dance,
Yet sin, like a shadow, cast its dark lance.
A heavy heart, I bear their tale,
A lament for those who in sin set sail.

But behold, a glimmer in the cosmic night,
A chance for redemption, a path to light.
For those yet unborn, a lesson to glean,
Escape the shackles of sin's unseen sheen.

In the celestial scrolls, their deeds engraved,
The path to honor, the way to be saved.
Oh, fortunate soul, heed this plea,
Avoid the snares of iniquity.

In the presence of the Lord, walk the way,
Let not the shadows lead you astray.
For in the lament of ages past,
A warning echoes, a clarion blast.

Heavy is the burden of ancestral sin,
Yet in repentance, a new chapter begins.
Oh, fortunate soul, in righteousness dwell,
Escape the echoes of Adam's farewell.

A cosmic lament, through time it weaves,
The tale of sin, the one that grieves.
But in the cosmic dance, a chance to rise,
To break the chains, to claim the skies.

So, let the tears flow, in this cosmic rhyme,
A lament for the past, a call for the sublime.
In the heart of Enoch, the sorrow's tide,
Yet in redemption's promise, hope abides.

Chapter 42

Enoch's Vision of the Guardians of Hell

In the tapestry of eternity, where time unfolds,
Enoch, the watcher of tales untold,
Beheld the gates of hell, a fearsome sight,
Guardians colossal, in the cosmic night.

Serpentine sentinels, faces like lamps unlit,
Eyes ablaze, teeth sharp, in shadows they sit.
Their charge, the abyss, where darkness prevails,
A realm of echoes, where each sin leaves trails.

I, Enoch, gazed upon this spectral host,
Faces etched with the sins of those they accost.
A tableau of righteousness and truth divine,
Against the canvas of humanity's design.

Behold, the deeds, in the cosmic light,
Some woven in goodness, others in spite.
The Lord's work, righteous and true,
Mirrored by deeds, both old and new.

Faces, extinguished lamps, in the abyss they leer,
Eyes aflame with the stories they sear.
Sharp teeth, the judgment they bear,
Guardians of hell, in the cosmic air.

The deeds of mortals, a tapestry unfurls,
Good and evil, the cosmic swirls.
A revelation of the true nature concealed,
In the actions, the truths are revealed.

Some, like stars, in virtue align,
Others, shadows in a realm malign.
Sentinels watch, their eyes don't miss,
The cosmic theater, the human abyss.

In the dance of light and shadows cast,
The deeds of humanity, an eternal repast.
Righteous sentinels, guardians bold,
Their faces a mirror, stories to be told.

Envoys of the Lord, in their stern array,
Witnessing the choices, the mortals' sway.
In the realm of shadows, the abyssal sea,
The guardians stand, keeping the cosmic decree.

Faces etched with the stories they keep,
In the cosmic vigil, where mortals sleep.
Each action, a ripple in the celestial stream,
The guardians watch, in the cosmic dream.

I, Enoch, the beholder of this cosmic lore,
Witnessed the sentinels, the guardians of yore.
Their faces, a reflection of the cosmic tide,
A revelation of what mortals hide.

In the abyssal corridors, where shadows crawl,
Sentinels stand, in judgment tall.
Their eyes, the witnesses of the deeds untold,
In the cosmic theater, the stories unfold.

So, let the cosmic dance play on,
As mortals weave tales till the dawn.

Guardians of hell, keepers of the night,
In their faces, the echoes of wrong and right.

Chapter 43

Enoch's Record of Divine Judgments

In the annals of time, my children dear,
Enoch's voice, a tale you shall hear.
Meticulous measures, judgments divine,
A record of works, in every line.

Year upon year, in the cosmic tide,
A cascade of honor, no secrets to hide.
Each soul unique, a story untold,
In the wisdom of heart, and treasures of gold.

Some in possessions, a wealth untold,
Others in wisdom, their stories unfold.
The intellect sharp, a beacon so bright,
Cunning and wit, in the cosmic night.

Silence of lip, a virtue serene,
Cleanliness, strength, in the worldly scene.
Comeliness graced some, in youth they thrived,
Quick wit, a gift, in the cosmic archive.

Appealing physique, a sight to behold,
Sensitivity, a trait in the stories unfold.
Spread this wisdom, let it unfurl,
But remember, my children, in the cosmic
swirl.

None superior to those who revere,
The Almighty's presence, always near.
In the days to come, their glory shall shine,
Brighter than stars, in the celestial line.

For possessions fade, and wisdom may wane,
But the reverence for God, a celestial gain.
In the measure of silence, in the strength and the art,
In comeliness, youth, and the quick-witted heart.

All shall bow before the eternal flame,
Where God's name is carved in every name.
So, my children, heed this celestial decree,
In reverence, you'll find your truest key.

Measure and transcribe, in the scrolls of fate,
The deeds of mortals, both small and great.
In every judgment, in the cosmic ink,
A tale of humanity, let the celestial pen link.

So, let the stories unfold, in the scrolls divine,
The wisdom of ages, in every line.
For in the cosmic dance, where judgments weigh,
Enoch's record stands, in the celestial bay.

In every virtue, and every feat,
In the silence, in the heart's soft beat.
In strength, in comeliness, in youth's embrace,
In every trait, in every grace.

Spread this wisdom, let it soar,
In reverence to God, let the soul adore.
For in the days to come, a celestial story,
Shall be told in the echoes of eternal glory.

Chapter 44

Enoch's Counsel on Reverence for All

In the tapestry of creation, a tale unfolds,
Of hands divine, where Enoch beholds.
The Lord, the craftsman, in His image true,
Molding humanity, both small and grand in view.

Each visage a reflection of the divine,
From rulers mighty to souls benign.
A call to reverence, profound and deep,
In every countenance, God's presence seep.

Who scorns a ruler, with disdain so bold,
Scorns the Lord, as ancient tales have told.
In every gesture, in each scornful glance,
A spurning of God, a cosmic dance.

Anger unjust, a tempest that brews,
Invokes the Lord's judgment, righteous and true.
For in the fury of divine gaze,
Each deed recounted in cosmic days.

Fortunate the heart devoid of malice,
A beacon of kindness, a celestial chalice.
Aiding the afflicted, lifting the fallen,
Charity bestowed, a sacred callin'.

On the day of judgment, scales unfold,
Like those in markets, tales to be told.
Weights and measures in cosmic bazaar,
Each soul accounted, near and far.

Hung and standing, the scales of fate,
Proportionate rewards, in celestial state.
For every act, a cosmic weight,
In the reckoning hour, at heaven's gate.

The heart that harbors no malice's sting,
A chorus of angels, in reverence sing.
To aid the afflicted, the condemned, and weak,
A celestial melody, the cosmos speak.

In the tapestry woven by hands divine,
Enoch's counsel, a celestial sign.
Reverence for all, both great and small,
In the cosmic dance, a divine call.

For rulers bear the Lord's own face,
A sacred truth, a cosmic grace.
Vent not unjust anger, let kindness flow,
For in every action, the cosmos know.

The day of judgment, a cosmic bazaar,
Scales and measures, near and far.
Each soul accounted, in the grand design,
Rewards bestowed, in the celestial shrine.

Chapter 45

God's Desire for Pure Hearts

In the celestial tapestry, where the divine unfolds,
A chapter unravels, a tale of hearts pure and bold.
Those who hasten, offerings divine to present,
Shall find divine blessings, in their deeds inherent.

Yet heed this wisdom, a truth profound,
Devotion outwardly shown, in actions unbound,
Yet justice neglected, a treacherous tide,
In the highest realms, treasures won't abide.

For when the Lord, seemingly, demands,
Bread, candles, or sacrifice in His holy lands,
Know, these are but symbols, mere earthly token,
God seeks pure hearts, in His words spoken.

In the dance of devotion, a celestial test,
Bread, candles, and offerings, laid to rest.
Mere tokens they are, in the grand cosmic play,
For pure hearts, God desires, in the sacred array.

The rush of offerings, a chorus of praise,
Yet justice and virtue, the celestial gaze.
In the balance of deeds, in the grand cosmic scale,

Pure hearts, the treasure, where virtues prevail.

As the moonlight weaves through the cosmic night,
So do offerings weave, in divine light.
But beyond the symbols, the candles' soft glow,
God craves pure hearts, in the cosmic flow.

Bread on altars, a ritual's embrace,
Yet justice and mercy, the divine grace.
Animal flesh offered, in ceremonial delight,
Yet in pure hearts, God's true delight.

These acts, a theater in the cosmic sphere,
A divine play, where hearts draw near.
God, the playwright, with wisdom untold,
Testing the hearts, in offerings manifold.

In the grand cosmic stage, where offerings sway,
Justice and love, in the cosmic display.
For those who rush with offerings grand,
Find divine blessings in the celestial land.

But the essence sought, beyond earthly sight,
In pure hearts' glow, in the soft moonlight.
So heed the call, beyond the ritual's art,
God desires pure hearts, a celestial heart.

Chapter 46

Unclean Gifts and Divine Wrath

Hear, O people, the tale unfolds,
Of unclean gifts and secrets untold.
In the cosmic symphony, where truth prevails,
A lesson weaved in deceitful tales.

Picture an earthly ruler, in splendor clad,
Gifts before him, intentions masked.
Yet, the ruler's gaze, a piercing light,
Unveils the deceit, ignites the fight.

If in the heart, intentions sly,
Gifts offered with a hidden lie,
Will not the ruler, with righteous ire,
Refuse the gifts and stoke the fire?

Deceit, a shadow in flattery's guise,
A twisted tale where deception lies.
When evil conceals in the heart's deep well,
Truth shall rise, like a tolling bell.

As rivers wind through the earthly plain,
So do the pathways of truth remain.
A great light from the Lord descends,
Judgment proclaimed, on foes and friends.

A cosmic stage, where the just and unjust,
Face the scrutiny of the divine thrust.
No secrets buried, no falsehoods concealed,
All truths unveiled, all deeds revealed.

In the celestial court, where justice resides,

The deceiver's mask no longer hides.
For the gifts impure, the flattered art,
Shall face the wrath, the cosmic chart.

The Lord's gaze, an unwavering light,
Pierces the dark, exposes the slight.
No earthly ruler, nor cunning wile,
Escapes the gaze, the divine trial.

Unclean gifts, like a poisoned dart,
In the cosmic tale, play a crucial part.
But the light of truth, a cleansing fire,
Judgment unfolds, the divine mire.

As earthly rulers in judgment stand,
So does the cosmic ruler, ruling grand.
The great light approaches, no soul eludes,
A cosmic judgment, where truth exudes.

Thus, the lesson unfolds, in cosmic decree,
Deceit unraveled for all to see.
No mask, no shadow, no secret plight,
In the divine realm, where all is light.

Chapter 47

Enoch's Instruction and Divine Revelation

Oh, my children, lend your ears,
To the tale that time endears.
Carve my words upon your hearts,
A saga of divine impart.

From the lips of the Lord, they flow,
Wisdom ancient, in verses aglow.
Volumes penned by a father's hand,
Guiding you through the heavenly strand.

Take these scrolls, with reverence read,
In their words, the cosmic thread.
A tapestry unfolds, from creation's birth,
To the final whisper, the end of earth.

Within these pages, a multitude untold,
The Lord's grand design, a story to behold.
Follow the path I've etched in ink,
In these sacred words, let your spirits drink.

Stray not from the righteous way,
The Lord's beacon, a guiding ray.
No deity but the Lord holds sway,
In heaven's realms, or earth's array.

In the uncharted depths, foundations laid,
Visible and invisible, the heavens cascade.
Upon waters deep, the earth is spun,
Creatures myriad, a dance begun.

Who tallies the waters, the sea's embrace?
The earth's dust, the morning grace?
Raindrops fall, like tears divine,
Countless as the stars that brightly shine.

The wind's breath, the enduring winter's kiss,
The sea's sand, an eternal abyss.
Comprehend the earth and sea,
In the Lord's creation, all decree.

Stars, like fire sculpted in the night,
Adorn the heavens in celestial light.
Divine splendor in their cosmic dance,
A universe woven, in a mystical trance.

Now, my children, heed this lore,
Engrave these words forevermore.
A father's voice, a guiding art,
Leading you through every part.

In the scrolls, the Lord's revelation,
A cosmic journey, a divine sensation.
From creation's dawn to the final hymn,
These sacred verses, a celestial whim.

Chapter 48

The Sun's Journey and Earth's Response

In the cosmic dance, the sun takes flight,
Traversing spheres, a celestial height.
Seven realms, each throne a grace,
A hundred and eighty-two, a heavenly space.

Shorter days, it descends in Tsivan's sway,
After the seventeenth, it wanes away.
In Thevan's month, it bows in descent,
On longer days, a celestial event.

Resting on thrones, two in its embrace,
Oscillating above, in rhythmic grace.
Measured and ordained by wisdom's lore,
Spanning realms, both seen and more.

From unseen realms, creation springs,
Visible forms, the divine brings.
God, unseen, renders all perceivable,
In the dance of the cosmic divisible.

Children, heed this cosmic tale,
A revelation, a celestial trail.
To your offspring, across the years,
I entrust these words, banishing fears.

Revere the wisdom the Lord bestows,
Embrace these writings, let knowledge compose.
More precious than food or earthly delight,
Diligently read them, in wisdom's light.

But those who turn, in disdain's disdain,

Rejecting the teachings, embracing disdain,
A dire judgment awaits their choice,
In the cosmic echo, a somber voice.

Fortunate the soul that bears the yoke,
Embracing teachings, a celestial cloak.
On the great judgment's imminent day,
Their burdens lifted, they find their way.

Chapter 49

Honesty and Divine Promise

In the celestial theater, a solemn oath unfurls,
Not by heaven's light, nor earth's embrace,
No creation formed, nor time's ceaseless swirls.
In truth's sanctuary, I declare, in this sacred space.

The Lord, the cosmic architect, His voice resounds,
"No falsehood, no injustice, within Me resides."
A divine promise, where certainty abounds,
In the symphony of truth, where destiny guides.

Let truth be the compass, the unwavering guide,
In the realm of men, where honesty prevails.
No need for grand oaths, where words can't hide,
A simple "Yes" or "No," as virtue entails.

For before the womb's embrace, a cosmic plan,
A place prepared, each soul's destined rest.
Not in conception's moment, but ere life began,
A preordained measure, trials to be addressed.

Children, heed this truth, in your hearts enshrine,

Deception veils not the predestined way.
A place awaits each soul, in the grand design,
In the cosmic ballet, where destinies sway.

Chapter 50

God's Call to Meekness and Compassion

In the vast chronicles of existence, where every tale is told,
No deed remains veiled, in cosmic scripts, bold.
I, the silent witness, behold the dance of every soul,
In the grand celestial theater, where destinies unroll.

Children of the earthly realm, heed my sage decree,
A hymn of patience, humility, a life endured with glee.
For in the crucible of trials, eternal life takes birth,
A celestial promise, echoing through the realms of Earth.

Wounds, like ancient runes etched upon your skin,
Endure them with valor, let the inner battle begin.
Malicious words, arrows flung in the cosmic fight,
Embrace them, for your armor is woven in the light.

Retaliation, a dance of shadows, a perilous waltz,
Banish it, for the Lord's retribution is the grand exalt.

In the symphony of judgment, a cosmic ballet,
Retribution's chords shall not have the final say.

Golden threads of generosity, weave them in your fate,
For in the tapestry of the cosmos, they resonate.
To brethren, extend the treasures of gold and silver,
In the world beyond, abundant riches shall deliver.

Widows, orphans, and the strangers in your midst,
Guard their sanctity, lest divine wrath persist.
In the cosmic order, where justice is supreme,
Harm them not, let compassion be your eternal theme.

The Lord's gaze, an omnipotent flame, surveys all,
In the mosaic of existence, where destinies enthrall.
Retribution, a sword wielded by the cosmic hand,
Leave it to the heavens, let not revenge command.

In the grand theater of life, where mortals play their part,
A script unfolds, inscribed in every loving heart.
Patience, humility, compassion—the virtuous three,
Embrace them, my children, for in them, eternity you'll see.

Chapter 51

Instructions Against Hoarding and in Favor of Charity

In the cosmic tapestry, where threads of fate are spun,
A chapter unfolds, a celestial decree, a tale to be sung.
Assist the needy, let charity be your guiding light,
For in the dance of giving, find the path to endless night.

Hoarding, a treacherous cavern, where wealth lies concealed,
Release the shackles, let generosity be revealed.
Aid the faithful in affliction, let compassion flow,
For in the river of benevolence, kindred spirits shall grow.

Endure every yoke, a burden upon your shoulder,
In the name of the Lord, let resilience smolder.
Hardship, a crucible, forging strength profound,
On judgment day, your fortitude shall be renowned.

At morning's embrace, when dawn's first light does kiss,

Visit the Lord's dwelling, the sanctum of eternal bliss.
Noonday sun and evening's grace, a triad profound,
Honor your creator's glory, let your praises resound.

Every breath, a hymn, in the grand cosmic choir,
Visible and invisible, entities aspire.
Praise, an anthem sung by the living and the unseen,
A symphony of creation, where harmonies convene.

In times of plenty and the shadows of despair,
Extend your hand to those burdened by life's wear.
Impoverished souls, like stars in the night,
Illuminate their paths, be their guiding light.

Release the grip on earthly wealth's embrace,
Let charity be the legacy that time won't efface.
Affliction, a visitor, shan't linger in your domain,
For the seeds of compassion, a fortress shall they gain.

A sacred pact, endure the yoke of trials,
In the cosmic ledger, where divine justice compiles.
On judgment day, when scales align,
Your benevolence and endurance, a celestial sign.

Morning, noon, and eve, the sacred trinity,
Visit the Lord's dwelling, in humble divinity.

Praise the glory woven in the cosmic story,
A narrative of creation, in its resplendent glory.

Every entity, a note in the divine melody,
Visible and invisible, part of the grand symphony.
In the rhythm of existence, a celestial dance,
Every breath, a chance, in the cosmic expanse.

Chapter 52

Exhortation to Praise and Abstain from Slander

In the chronicles of the cosmos, where echoes of divinity reside,
A chapter unfolds, a revelation, a celestial guide.
Blessed is the soul that in praises is spun,
For within the heart, the Lord of Sabaoth is enshrined, a radiant sun.

Cursed be the lips that wield slander's bitter sting,
Defaming others, in God's name, a sacrilegious fling.
Blessed are the words that bless and praise,
A symphony of reverence, a melodious phrase.

Cursed be the tongues that with curses are adorned,
Spewing venom and hatred, a path scorned.
Blessed is the spirit that honors creation's art,
For in each handiwork, the Lord plays a part.

Cursed be the heart that scorns what God has made,
Contempt for creation, a choice ill-bade.
Blessed is the one who lifts the fallen,
A beacon of grace, in God's name, a solemn call.

Cursed be the one who covets another's share,

Wishing harm upon what another holds dear.
Blessed is the keeper of ancestral lore,
Preserving legacies, a tribute forevermore.

Cursed be the soul that distorts the past,
A weaver of falsehoods, in shadows cast.
Blessed is the harbinger of peace and love,
Spreading harmony, below and above.

Cursed be the heart that disrupts the serene,
Sowing discord, a dark and tumultuous scene.
Blessed is the one who converses with humility,
A bridge of understanding, a shared tranquility.

Cursed be the voice that feigns peace's guise,
Yet harbors hostility, beneath the disguise.
These actions, unveiled, in the cosmic light,
Weighed on the day of the grand judgment's height.

In the tapestry of existence, where deeds are told,
Blessings and curses, in tales unfold.
The soul, a wanderer, in the cosmic sea,
Marking its journey toward eternity.

Chapter 53

The Individual's Responsibility

In the cosmic tapestry where destinies are spun,
A chapter unfolds beneath the eternal sun.
Enoch, the sage, with wisdom profound,
Inscribed the deeds, in words unbound.

"My children," he implores, "heed this refrain,
Think not that my intercession shields you from pain.
Before your births, in a celestial scroll,
I chronicled your tales, each role."

No veil conceals these words profound,
In the cosmic archives, where truths abound.
No sinner's plea can alter fate,
In the realms divine, where echoes vibrate.

"I stand before God, your father, true,
Yet no intercession erases what you do.
My writings transcend the mortal plane,
A chronicle vast, where destinies wane."

Each sin etched in the celestial scroll,
No secret escape, no hidden goal.
The Lord, a witness to thoughts concealed,
In every heart, His gaze revealed.

"Refuse the notion, 'Our father stands,
Shielding us with intercessory hands.'
For the Lord discerns each intention veiled,

No sin concealed, no secret hailed."

So, my children, heed this sage's voice,
Make choices wise, in life's grandiose choice.
Regret not the path where shadows weave,
Heed these words, and future grief relieve.

In the chambers divine, where echoes resound,
No intercession, no refuge found.
Before your births, a tale foretold,
In the cosmic scroll, a story unfolds.

The sage, with pen, his wisdom imparts,
A narrative woven in celestial arts.
No father's plea, no advocate's cry,
Can alter the tale scripted in the sky.

"I inscribe your deeds, in ink divine,
A tale of mortal, a celestial design.
No hidden nook, no secret cove,
Escapes the gaze of the Lord above."

So, my children, in life's fleeting span,
Heed these words, unfold the cosmic plan.
For in the scrolls of eternity, your story's spun,
A saga untold, beneath the eternal sun.

Chapter 54

Propagation of Divine Wisdom

In the realm where stars in silence dance,
Enoch stood in a cosmic trance.
Books of wisdom, his sacred gift,
To guide humanity, spirits to uplift.

"If understanding eludes your grasp,
Let these volumes in your hands clasp.
An inheritance of peace within,
A treasure trove where truths begin."

Upon the parchment, celestial tales,
Echoes of wisdom in ethereal gales.
Inscribe them deep in the annals of thought,
For those whose seeking hearts are sought.

"Distribute these scrolls to eager minds,
To seekers of wisdom, in varied kinds.
Unlock the secrets, let knowledge flow,
Illuminate the path where seekers go."

Enlighten the minds, the souls that yearn,
For wisdom's flame, a desire to discern.
Instruct the seekers, a sacred trust,
In the scrolls, the divine we entrust.

"Let them witness wonders profound,
In the pages where truth is bound.
The Lord's handiwork, grand and true,
Revealed in words, a celestial view."

From the heights of heaven, a descent
profound,
The wisdom cascades, an echoing sound.
A gift to mortals, in language sublime,
A sacred lore for the threads of time.

Instruct the hearts, let understanding bloom,
In the gardens of wisdom, dispelling the
gloom.
As rivers of knowledge flow and wind,
Guiding the seekers, in truth enshrined.

"Let these books be a beacon bright,
In the corridors of celestial light.
A legacy to share, a sacred flame,
For seekers of wisdom, a celestial claim."

So, Enoch spoke, with words divine,
In the cosmic tapestry, a radiant line.
A propagation of wisdom's seed,
A gift to all who long to read.

"From hand to hand, let knowledge fly,
As constellations gleam in the sky.
A sacred trust, a luminous creed,
For all who seek, in thought and deed."

In the hallowed halls where sages trod,
Enoch's legacy, a whisper of God.
A celestial inheritance, a radiant scroll,
In the hearts of seekers, wisdom to extol.

Chapter 55

Enoch's Farewell and Ascension

Beneath the vault of heaven's expansive dome,
Enoch, wise and aged, called his children home.
A predetermined day, a destined parting's hour,
Angelic hosts stood, their celestial power.

"My children," spoke Enoch, voice both strong and clear,
"The time of my departure, drawing near.
Angelic guides await, in radiant array,
On Earth they stand, predestined for this day."

Angels, guardians with wings unfurled,
Their presence heralding an otherworldly world.
Tomorrow's dawn, a celestial ascension's quest,
To the highest Jerusalem, on angelic bequest.

"Prepare yourselves, fulfill the Lord's decree,
In His presence, dwell in sanctity.
For my journey ascends to the eternal sky,
An inheritance awaits, where angels fly."

The earthly realm, a transient abode,
Enoch's path, a cosmic episode.
The angels beckon, their gaze sincere,
Guides to realms beyond, as heaven draws near.

As Enoch's gaze, the earthly ties unbind,
Children gathered, their hearts entwined.
A patriarch's farewell, a sage's last decree,
In the circle of kin, 'neath the sacred tree.

"Take heed, my offspring, in this moment's grace,
Embrace the Lord's desires, His divine embrace.
For in the heavenly Jerusalem's embrace,
My soul ascends, leaving a mortal trace."

A sage, a father, with parting breath,
Enoch's legacy, a whisper of death.
Yet not a demise, a journey begun,
Ascending with angels, toward the eternal sun.

"Unite with truth, with virtue stand,
Hold fast the Lord's command.
As I ascend on wings unseen,
A pilgrimage to realms serene."

The heavens tremble, the angels stand tall,
A cosmic dance, the celestial call.
Enoch, patriarch, in robes of white,
Ascending beyond the earthly light.

"Children, my parting words, let them linger,
In your hearts, let wisdom's fire trigger.
An eternal inheritance, my destiny's crest,
In the highest Jerusalem, my soul shall rest."

As the firmament glowed with ethereal light,
Enoch ascended, a celestial flight.
His visage, radiant, a glow profound,
To the heavens, his spirit was bound.

The angels, witnesses to this earthly
farewell,
In their eyes, a cosmic tale to tell.
Enoch, patriarch, ascended on high,
A celestial sojourn, 'neath the infinite sky.

"Ascend with me, my angelic kin,
To realms untold, where spirits begin.
The earthly tether, now left behind,
A celestial journey, the soul enshrined."

And so, Enoch departed from mortal sight,
A patriarch's ascent, toward celestial light.
His words, a legacy, in the wind they sighed,
As the patriarch ascended, on angels' wings to
glide.

Chapter 56

Methuselah's Request for Blessing

In the age when Methuselah sought his sire,
Enoch, the sage, in the celestial choir.
Father and son, a dialogue profound,
In the hallowed space where their spirits were
bound.

"Methuselah, my child," Enoch spoke,
His voice like ripples on the cosmic cloak.
"What would bring joy to your father's heart?
Speak, and my blessing shall play its part."

The son, with reverence, to his father turned,
Inquiring, with a flame of wisdom that burned.
"Father, what pleaseth thee, what be thy
desire?
A blessing to our homes, to elevate our pyre."

Methuselah's words, with respect imbued,
To honor their kin, their people, not subdued.
"Your blessing, father, a celestial grace,
To dwell in our homes, our sacred space."

Enoch, the patriarch, with visage wise,
Turned to his son, his words the skies.
"Listen, my child, to the tale I unfold,
Since the Lord anointed me in glory untold."

In that sacred moment, the sage revealed,
A truth profound, a mystery unsealed.
"Sustenance, my child, I have not craved,
Since divine glory on me was engraved."

The earthly pleasures, a distant call,
No allure for Enoch, standing tall.
"I yearn not for treasures, the world's
delight,
Earthly desires hold no sway in my sight."

"But, my son, if a blessing you seek,
For homes and hearts, where kinship peaks,
Take this benediction, woven in light,
To honor our people, in day and night."

"Yet, remember, my child, my earthly stay,
Draws to a close, as the Lord's decree lay.
No lingering need for worldly pleasure,
My soul ascends, seeking higher measure."

The son, with reverence, bowed his head,
As ancestral words in the silence spread.
"Blessed be our homes, our kin, and our name,
In your departure, we'll endure the same."

Enoch, with eyes that held the heavens' lore,
Gazed upon Methuselah, the one he bore.
"Let the blessing weave through time's
embrace,
A legacy of honor, a celestial grace."

As the sage spoke, a radiance shone,
An ethereal light, a blessing sown.
"To our homes, my son, this light I impart,
May it illuminate every corner, every heart."

Methuselah, his father's words embraced,
A sacred blessing, in time to be traced.
"Depart, my father, as the Lord ordained,
In your departure, our hearts sustained."

And so, in the cosmic tapestry's grand design,

Enoch blessed his kin, a moment divine.
A father's blessing, a celestial song,
As Enoch prepared for the journey along.

"Methuselah, my child," the sage began,
"Guard these words, as part of the eternal
plan.
In my departure, seek not earthly pleasure,
For the soul ascends, seeking higher measure."

As the words echoed through the sacred air,
Father and son, a poignant pair.
A blessing given, a legacy sealed,
As Enoch's departure in destiny's field.

The celestial winds, a whisper to the sky,
As Enoch prepared for his ascension high.
A sage's blessing, a farewell's grace,
In the grand design of time and space.

Chapter 57

Summoning the Family and Blessing Them

In the age when Methuselah, wise and just,
Gathered his kin in familial trust.
Brethren and elders, a lineage strong,
Assembled with purpose, a chorus in song.

Methuselah, swift as the eagle's flight,
Summoned his kin, in the soft twilight.
Regim, Riman, Uchan, and the rest,
A family united, their bond the best.

Before his father, Enoch the sage,
They stood together, a familial stage.
Enoch, the patriarch, his visage bright,
Gazed upon his kin in the fading light.

"Hasten, brethren dear," Methuselah spoke,
His voice like the breeze in the ancient oak.
"To our father's side, with reverence and
grace,
A moment divine, a familial embrace."

Regim, Riman, Uchan, Chermion too,
Gaidad and elders, a venerable crew.
Swiftly they gathered, a solemn band,
Before Enoch's presence, majestic and grand.

Enoch, the sage with the eyes that see,
Blessed his kin with a gesture free.
His voice, a melody, in the gathering hush,
Addressing his loved ones in a sacred hush.

"Beloved brethren, and elders wise,
Gathered here beneath the twilight skies,
In this moment, as the sun descends,
A blessing profound, to my kin extends."

His words, like a river, flowed serene,
A blessing woven in the twilight sheen.
"To Regim, Riman, Uchan, and Chermion,
To Gaidad and elders, a sacred reunion."

"May the heavens favor your every stride,
In the tapestry of time, where destinies bide.
Let wisdom guide you, a celestial light,
Illuminating the path, in day and night."

"Regim, my son, with strength in your hand,
Riman, with wisdom, like the ocean sand.
Uchan, be steadfast, let your spirit soar,
Chermion, seek truth, forevermore."

"Gaidad and elders, pillars of the past,
In your wisdom, may you forever last.
A tapestry woven with threads of grace,
A familial bond, no time can erase."

As Enoch spoke, a celestial air,
Enveloped the gathering with a presence rare.
His words, like echoes in the gathering gloom,
A blessing descending, dispelling all doom.

"Before my departure, heed this decree,
Carry the legacy, from me to thee.
A celestial gift, a blessing profound,
In your hearts, let this wisdom resound."

Methuselah, with eyes moist and gleam,
Embraced the words, a familial dream.
His brethren and elders, hearts entwined,
In Enoch's blessing, a unity defined.

The twilight deepened, a cosmic sea,
As Enoch blessed his progeny.
A sage's words, a celestial rhyme,
Echoing through the corridors of time.

The gathering, hallowed, in sacred trust,
A familial bond, resilient and just.
As the stars emerged in the dark expanse,
Enoch continued his sacred dance.

"To the elders, a torchbearer be,
Guiding the generations, like ships at sea.
Let the flame of wisdom forever burn,
In the hearts of kin, at every turn."

As Enoch spoke, the heavens sighed,
A cosmic chorus, in the eventide.
His words, like whispers in the celestial dome,
A sage's blessing, a sacred poem.

Methuselah, with a spirit profound,
Gathered his kin on hallowed ground.
Enoch, the patriarch, his blessings cast,
A legacy eternal, from the first to the last.

And so, in the twilight's soft embrace,
Enoch's kin stood, a sacred space.
The patriarch's words, a celestial stream,
Guiding their hearts, in the cosmic dream.

Chapter 58

Enoch's Instructions to His Sons

In ancient days, when twilight met the earth,
Enoch, sage and father, declared his worth.
His sons, a gathering beneath the sky,
Listened to wisdom, as time drifted by.

"Attend, my children, to my words profound,
In sacred echoes, let understanding resound.
In days of old, when the Lord drew near,
To shape creation, both far and near."

The Lord, in mercy, to Earth descended,
For Adam's sake, a tale splendid.
Crafting creatures, each unique,
In the divine tapestry, they did speak.

After all was formed, in the cosmic dance,
Adam emerged, given a chance.
The Lord convened the beasts and birds,
A celestial symphony in spoken words.

"Beasts of the land, creatures of the air,
Reptiles and birds, with plumage fair,
Before Adam, the ruler supreme,
In the earthly garden, a mesmerizing dream."

Adam, endowed with the gift divine,
Named each creature, a sacred sign.
Lord's command over all things he bore,
Dominion over Earth, a mantle to adore.

Ruler of creatures, both fierce and mild,

Subject to man, the Lord's favored child.
Obedient they became, to Adam's might,
In the realm of day and the silent night.

"Each of you, my sons, a ruler be,
Over the realms, as you traverse the sea.
Possessions and dominion the Lord bestows,
Guiding you, as life's current flows."

The Lord, in mercy, to distinguish clear,
Between the soul of man and beast sincere.
No judgment passed on the creature's soul,
Yet man, the steward, has a destined role.

"Beasts have a place, their own abode,
Distinct from humans, on life's broad road.
Souls, numbered and distinct, they persist,
Witnesses they become, if man's kindness
desists."

In the cosmic ledger, each soul inscribed,
Distinct numbers, as eternity imbibed.
Beasts' souls persist, a divine decree,
Until the grand judgment, they roam free.

"The Lord's creations, both great and small,
Witnesses they stand, to humanity's call.
Guardians of Earth, in fur and in feather,
Against cruelty, they stand together."

The gathering of sons, enraptured by tale,
In Enoch's words, a wisdom's trail.
Adam's era, a symphony played,
In nature's harmony, all beings swayed.

"Remember, my sons, in your earthly quest,
Be kind to creatures, treat them best.
In mercy and love, let your dominion be,
For they too witness, in the grand decree."

Enoch's voice, a river gently streamed,
A timeless tale, in the twilight gleamed.
Sons, inheritors of the cosmic lore,
A legacy bound, forevermore.

As shadows danced in the fading light,
Enoch's sons embraced the night.
A sage's wisdom, in the starry sea,
Guiding their hearts, eternally free.

Chapter 59

Avoiding Unclean Meat

In days of old, when shadows cast their veil,
Enoch, the sage, unfurled wisdom's tale.
A chapter, laden with celestial lore,
A cosmic dance, on an ancient floor.

"Attend, my children, to this sacred verse,
A tale of souls entwined, for better or worse.
The Lord's decree upon offerings bestowed,
In sacred rhythm, life's balance flowed."

"Defile not the souls of creatures, pure,
For in their essence, our destinies endure.
When man, with contrite heart, does tread,
To atone for sin, with offerings spread."

Clean animals, with purpose divine,
A balm for souls, in God's design.
An act to heal, and solace seek,
For sins confessed, redemption's streak.

"All creatures, gifts for sustenance granted,
Yet heed this wisdom, by the Lord enchanted.
When remedy sought, and sin confessed,
Bind the four legs, let your soul invest."

Yet, a warning echoed through the sacred air,
A truth profound, for all to bear.
He who slays, without just cause or harm,
In shadowed silence, inflicts alarm.

"Harm inflicted in secrecy's dark embrace,

A wicked act, a defiled space.
Tainting the soul with cruel stealth,
An echo in eternity, a whisper of self."

The cosmic ballet of life, a dance,
A truth profound, in each circumstance.
The creatures' souls, intertwined with ours,
In God's vast garden, among celestial towers.

So, let not cruelty stain your deeds,
For in the tapestry of life, it feeds.
Bind the four legs, with compassion's thread,
And seek healing for the soul, where shadows tread.

The sage's words, a river flowing,
Through time and space, wisdom sowing.
In every heart, the echoes ring,
A sacred truth, a celestial spring.

As twilight embraced the ancient land,
Enoch's wisdom, a guiding hand.
His children listened, hearts aflame,
In the cosmic theater, a timeless game.

Chapter 60

Harm Befalls the Soul's Wrongdoer

In the realm where shadows whisper tales,
Enoch's voice in the cosmic gales.
A chapter unfolds, a cosmic decree,
A tapestry woven, of destiny.

"Listen, my children, to this cosmic rhyme,
A cautionary tale for the boundless time.
In the dance of life, where destinies twine,
Beware, for harm befalls the soul's malign."

"Whoever, in the shadows' shroud,
Seeks another's life, speaks too loud.
Forfeit not just flesh, but soul's embrace,
In the dance of shadows, a fateful chase."

In the symphony of existence, a dire refrain,
A soul's misdeed, an eternal stain.
No remedy found for the life undone,
In the shadowed realms, where destinies run.

"The snare laid for another, a tangled thread,
Ensnares not just them, but the soul who
spread.
No escape from the web tightly spun,
In the cosmic dance, where all are one."

As Enoch spoke, the cosmic spheres,
Echoed his words in silent tears.
For those who, in vessels, others bind,
A reckoning awaits, their fate assigned.

"Those who imprison in vessels wrought,
Shall face judgment's relentless thought.
In the cosmic court, their deeds unfurl,
A dance of justice for each bound soul."

Deceit's dark art, the poisoned tongue,
In the cosmic chronicles, where it's flung.
Those who speak ill against their kin,
Shall find no justice, no redemption to win.

"Deceit's dark veil, a treacherous art,
Poisons not just the tongue, but the heart.
Speak not ill against those entwined,
In the cosmic tapestry, where justice is
signed."

As Enoch's words painted the cosmic scene,
His children pondered, hearts serene.
For in the dance of shadows and light,
Destinies entwined, in eternal flight.

In the tapestry of time, a cautionary thread,
A cosmic lesson, where all paths tread.
Enoch, the sage, in wisdom arrayed,
Guiding his kin through the cosmic cascade.

For in every deed, in the cosmic scroll,
A ripple, a dance, an eternal goal.
In the grand theater, where all souls play,
Enoch's words echoed, a guiding ray.

As twilight embraced the celestial dome,
Enoch's wisdom, a beacon to roam.
In the dance of shadows and cosmic lore,
His tale lived on, forevermore.

Chapter 61

Enoch's Exhortation to Righteousness

In the tapestry of cosmic existence, a chapter unfolds,
Enoch's voice, a melody in the tale it holds.
Children gathered, hearts attuned,
As the sage spoke, in the cosmic dune.

"Guard your hearts, oh children of the earthly sphere,
For injustice breeds shadows, whispers the Lord in fear.
As you seek blessings for your soul's reprieve,
Extend the same to every soul, and thus believe."

The future, a canvas where destinies entwine,
An inheritance vast, both righteous and malign.
Blessed are those who in righteousness abide,
In wicked dwellings, peace and solace hide.

"Listen, young and old, to the sage's lore,
When virtuous intentions in your heart you store.
Gifts from labor, offered to the divine,
The Lord turns His gaze, a benevolent sign."

In righteous abodes, where virtues bloom,
A sanctuary where joy will ever loom.
But in the shadows of discontent,
No solace found, no true contentment.

"If the hands create, but the heart protests,
Murmurs of discontent, a soul detests.
Ceaseless murmuring, a toxic brew,
No benefit gained, the heart shall rue."

As Enoch spoke, his words a celestial stream,
Guiding hearts through life's intricate dream.
In the dance of hands and the heart's refrain,
A cosmic lesson, in the earthly plane.

"For the Lord seeks not just the toil of hands,
But the purity within, where virtue stands.
In every offering, let the heart be true,
For discontent murmurs, a poison to eschew."

The sage's gaze traversed the cosmic expanse,
A narrative woven, a spiritual dance.
Children pondered, hearts entwined,
In the cosmic tapestry, destinies designed.

"Guard your hearts, against the unjust,
In the cosmic drama, in the sacred trust.
For in the abodes of righteousness, a haven found,
In the discontented heart, shadows abound."

As twilight cast its cosmic spell,
Enoch's words, a timeless well.
In every heart, the sage's creed,
A celestial guide, in every need.

Chapter 62

Faithful Giving and Repentance

In the chronicles of faith and patient giving,
A tale unfolds, in Enoch's voice, living.
Blessed is the man, with gifts in hand,
Before the Lord's presence, he takes a stand.

With patience and faith, his offerings ascend,
A symphony of devotion, a celestial blend.
Forgiveness, a gift for sins to claim,
As the faithful heart whispers the Lord's name.

Yet, should promises be recanted, a dire twist,
Before their time, a covenant dismissed.
No room for repentance, once time's thread is spun,
In the cosmic dance, where redemption is undone.

Once the clock strikes, and the due time passes,
The chance for repentance like fleeting masses.
No echoes of remorse after life's last breath,
In the cosmic aftermath, the symphony of death.

Premature actions, like whispers of deceit,
Among mortal men, and God's sacred seat.
A dance with sin, before its rightful hour,
A cosmic transgression, a withering flower.

In the cosmic tapestry where fate is drawn,
Actions premature, a celestial dawn.
Deceitful steps, a dance in the divine,
A melody tainted, in the cosmic design.

For time, the master weaves its intricate song,
A dance with destiny, where mortals belong.
Once the promise is spoken, the die is cast,
In the cosmic theater, where shadows are vast.

Blessed is the patient, the faithful soul,
Whose gifts ascend, making the cosmos whole.
But let not promises fall before their time,
For in the cosmic realm, a rhythm sublime.

Repentance, a balm for the contrite heart,
But once the clock strikes, and the realms depart,
No room for penance, in death's silent sea,
A cosmic decree, an immutable decree.

Enoch, the sage, in the celestial scroll,
Unfurls the truths of time's relentless stroll.
Patience and faith, virtues to uphold,
In the cosmic story, where destinies are told.

Chapter 63

Sharing with the Needy

In the annals of Enoch's sacred lore,
A chapter unfolds, of deeds we explore.
Rewards divine for the generous heart,
Clothing the naked, a virtuous art.

To feed the hungry, a sacred call,
Echoing through ages, standing tall.
Yet, beware, for deeds are not mere show,
In the cosmic dance, intentions glow.

If garments gifted harbor discontent,
A twofold evil, a soul's lament.
Harm befalls the giver and the given,
A cosmic chord awry, not forgiven.

The heart's murmur, a discontented song,
A discordant note, where virtues belong.
No reward from God for the murmuring heart,
In the cosmic theater, where stories start.

Engrossed in self, sustenance and attire,
Charity tainted by an earthly desire.
In garments of disdain, no merit found,
A cosmic echo, a hollow sound.

The Lord, a witness to the giver's state,
Despises the haughty, the boastful, the great.
Falsehoods draped in untruth, a deadly art,
Severed by the sword, in death's grand chart.

The sword of death, a cosmic decree,

Casting falsehoods into the eternal sea.
A fire eternal, where lies shall burn,
In the cosmic cycle, a sacred turn.

The proud, the false, in the flames they dwell,
A cosmic verdict, a tale to tell.
For every deed, with intent sincere,
The cosmic dance, both far and near.

In the scrolls of time, where Enoch inscribes,
A warning echoes, as the truth subscribes.
Reward from God, a celestial decree,
For those who give with hearts set free.

Clothe the naked, feed the hungry soul,
Let virtues guide, make the broken whole.
In the cosmic theater, where deeds find voice,
Enoch's legacy, in the sacred poise.

Chapter 64

Enoch's Calling and Adoration

In the twilight of Enoch's mortal days,
Whispers echoed in mysterious ways.
News, a celestial decree, unfurled,
The Lord, in summons, called upon the seer of the world.

Word spread like wildfire, from town to town,
The people convened, in robes and in gown.
A gathering vast, from far and near,
To pay homage to Enoch, revered and clear.

Two thousand men, a congregation grand,
Embarked on a journey, to Achuzan's land.
Where Enoch dwelled with his sons in repose,
A sacred ground where divine favor chose.

The assembly, a tapestry of young and old,
Approached the sage, their reverence bold.
Bowing before Enoch, the patriarch wise,
Anointed by heaven, where the divine light lies.

Elders and youth, a united throng,
In humility and awe, they did prolong.
Their respects and kisses, a sacred rite,
To Enoch, the beacon, in the celestial light.

"Esteemed father Enoch," their voices rise,
May the Sovereign Lord bless you, they apprise.
Bestow your blessings, O sage divine,

Upon your sons and this sacred shrine.

In your presence, may blessings flow,
As eternal streams in a cosmic glow.
Chosen above all on this earthly sphere,
The chronicler of creation, both far and near.

Redeemer of souls, savior of kin,
From transgressions dark, you ushered them in.
A beacon of hope in a world of strife,
Enoch, the guardian of eternal life.

"Continue to be blessed before the Lord's gaze,
Your name engraved in celestial phrase.
Above all mortals, in divine embrace,
You guide humanity in the cosmic race."

Enoch, in solemnity, raised his hand,
Blessings flowed, like grains of sand.
His voice, a river of sacred decree,
Echoing through the ages, eternally free.

As the assembly departed, hearts ablaze,
Enoch stood, in the sun's dying gaze.
A seer, a sage, in the twilight's gleam,
A vessel of wisdom, in the cosmic stream.

Chapter 65

Enoch's Teachings on Creation and Judgment

In the realm of ancient echoes, Enoch spoke,
His voice, a river of wisdom, a celestial cloak.
Before the dawn of all, creation's grand birth,
He unfolded the cosmic tapestry, a tale of endless worth.

"Listen, my children," the sage began,
A tale of creation, in a divine plan.
Before time's river began to flow,
Invisible realms, the Lord did sow.

He crafted humanity, a masterpiece divine,
In His likeness, a reflection, a design.
Eyes to see, ears attuned,
Hearts for contemplation, minds, marooned.

The Lord surveyed, with omniscient gaze,
Deeds of mortals, in time's intricate maze.
Creatures took form, marked by His hand,
Time structured, a tapestry grand.

Years emerged from the loom of time,
Months weaved, a rhythm sublime.
Days, in sevenfold dance,
A weekly ballet, creation's advance.

Within days, hours meticulously born,
To prompt reflection on time's sacred horn.

Humans, counters of life's fleeting breath,
Measuring their deeds, embracing death.

Nothing concealed from the Lord's discerning eye,
Every action accounted, no whispering lie.
All commandments etched, in Enoch's scroll,
Preserving wisdom for generations to unroll.

As creation's tale unfolds its grand arc,
In the finale, judgment's fire will spark.
Individuals, like stars in the cosmic sea,
Stand before the grand tribunal, unveiled and free.

Time dissolves, a river without banks,
A boundless continuum, without ranks.
In the age of righteousness, a new dawn,
A celestial symphony, creation reborn.

The righteous, like phoenix in the dawn,
Escape judgment's fiery spawn.
Gathered in the great aeon's embrace,
Commencing eternal life's boundless chase.

Toil, illness, a distant memory,
In the great aeon's perpetual glee.
No humiliation, no shadows' might,
Only boundless light, eternally bright.

An impregnable abode, paradisiacal delight,
Free from corruption, in endless light.
Perishable veils lifted, life's eternal theme,
A realm of perpetual life, a cosmic dream.

Chapter 66

Serving the True God

In the tapestry of ages, Enoch spoke,
A sage's words, in a divine cloak.
"Guard your souls, my children dear,
Against injustice, hold the Lord near.

With awe and trepidation, approach His throne,
Serve the true God, let your worship be known.
Forsake mute idols, in reverence stand,
Present righteous offerings, as He has
planned.

Injustice, abhorrent to the Lord's gaze,
His watchful eyes, a divine maze.
Guiding intellects, each thought held,
Under scrutiny divine, secrets unveiled.

The Earth, His canvas, creatures His art,
Whether heavens high or the ocean's part.
Omnipresent, His presence divine,
Creator of all, His grand design.

Bow not to idols of human hand,
For the Lord's gaze, in every land.
Walk with endurance, my children bold,
In patience, faith, and truth, let your story
unfold.

In the midst of provocation, endure with
grace,
Sorrow, illness, and life's hard embrace.
Abuse, wounds, temptation's snare,

In destitution, suffering, foster love's
flare.

Emerge from this age, adversity's art,
Heirs of eternity, never apart.
The righteous, in radiance, will shine,
Brighter than the sun, a glory divine.

Fortunate are they who escape judgment's hand,
A seventh portion, a cosmic plan.
Light and darkness, joy and sorrow,
Sustenance, paradise, fire, frost tomorrow.

In ancient script, this tale's meticulous
lore,
For your comprehension, forever to explore.
Words woven deep, like threads of yore,
An eternal tapestry, wisdom to implore.

Chapter 67

Enoch's Ascension and the Return of Light

In days of yore, as Enoch spoke profound,
The Lord, with darkness, draped the earthly ground.
Those gathered near, with Enoch in their midst,
Were raised aloft, by divine grace kissed.

Obscured by shadows, upward they ascended,
To realms unknown, where celestial paths extended.
Before the Lord's countenance, Enoch stood,
In the highest heaven, where mystery would.

As earthly gloom was lifted, a grand display,
A spectacle unseen, as night turned into day.
Witnesses below, in awe and deep surprise,
Beheld the miracle unfurl before their eyes.

Yet, understanding veiled, their minds perplexed,
As Enoch's journey to divine realms annexed.
Praises to God, from every grateful voice,
In that hallowed moment, hearts did rejoice.

A sacred scroll, "The Invisible God," they found,
An inscription profound, with wisdom tightly wound.
Each, to their dwelling, bearing tales untold,
Of Enoch's ascent, and mysteries unfold.

Chapter 68

Enoch's Timeline and Legacy

In the month of Tsivan, on the sixth day born,
Enoch graced the world, his fate adorned.
Three hundred sixty-five years he tread,
Upon the earth where mortal footsteps led.

To heaven's embrace, on Tsivan's first day,
Ascended Enoch, in mystic array.
Sixty days, in celestial abode,
In the courts of heaven, his soul bestowed.

As earthly sojourn continued its course,
Enoch, in wisdom, displayed a force.
Three hundred sixty-six tomes he inscribed,
Creation's tale, in each line described.

His sons, the keepers of his sacred lore,
Entrusted with knowledge, a treasure to adore.
Then, on the sixth day, in Tsivan's light,
Heavenward soared, on celestial flight.

Conception, birth, and the final adieu,
Cloaked in shadows, a life's retinue.
As darkness veils, in the womb's embrace,
So, too, in death, a shadowy trace.

Methuselah, with brothers by his side,
Raised an altar where Enoch did bide.
Achuzan, the sacred ground,
Where Enoch's glory and grace were found.

Oxen sacrificed, an offering profound,

Before the Lord, their voices resound.
People gathered, a jubilant throng,
Celebrating Enoch, their hearts in song.

Three days of revelry, in joy and cheer,
Gifts bestowed, an homage sincere.
To Enoch's sons, the legacy bequeathed,
Through ages, the tale of Enoch breathed.

In grateful chorus, their voices ascend,
To God, who favored Enoch, a celestial friend.
Amen, the chorus, a resounding decree,
Echoing through time, in eternity.

BOOK 3: The Hebrew Book of Enoch

Revelation of Metatron

Rabbi Ishmael ascends to heaven to behold the vision of the Merkaba and is given in charge to Metatron

AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD: AND HE WAS NOT; FOR GOD TOOK HIM
(Gen. v. 24)

Chapter 1

Rabbi Ishmael narrated:

In the sacred halls ascending, I,
Rabbi Ishmael, to realms on high.
To glimpse the Merkaba's radiant glow,
Where mysteries of heaven's splendor flow.

Six successive halls, a cosmic maze,
Each within another, a mystic craze.
At the entrance of the seventh I stand,
In prayer before the Holy, vast and grand.

"Lord of the Universe," my plea did soar,
"Aaron's merit, a shield I implore.
Qafsiel and his angels, let them not assail,
Defend me, O God, as I set sail."

The Almighty swiftly, Metatron sent,
Servant and Prince, in glory unbent.
Wings spread wide, with joy profound,
He rescued me from realms unbound.

"Enter in peace," his words did guide,
Before the King, the glorified.
To the seventh hall, he led the way,
To Shekina's assembly, where divine lights play.

Trembling and awe, as their gaze met mine,
Fiery Seraphim, radiant, divine.
Yet the Holy One's reprimand did sound,
"Veil your eyes, let Ishmael be unbound."

Metatron, with grace, restored my might,
In the presence of glory, bathed in light.
The strength to sing, however, failed,
Before the Throne, where splendors hailed.

An hour did pass, in sacred trance,
Then the gates of Shekina, in divine dance,
Opened wide, revealing Peace and Might,
Wisdom, Strength, and Glory's light.

Words of psalm, melody, praise untold,
A symphony of gratitude, manifold.
My mouth agape, a song did rise,
Echoed by creatures 'neath celestial skies.

"Holy, holy," their chorus swelled,
"Blessed be YHWH," the heavenly meld.
A Qedushsha, a sacred tune,

Resonating through the cosmic dune.

Chapter 2

In realms celestial, where eagles soar,
The Merkaba's mysteries they implore.
Fiery Wheels and Seraphim blaze,
Metatron, their guide, to answer their gaze.

"Metatron," they questioned, fierce and
bright,
"Why let mortal eyes behold such light?
Born of woman, from what earthly kin?
Which nation, tribe, and what lies within?"

Metatron, in wisdom, began to speak,
Of Israel's chosen, strong and unique.
"A tribe of Levi, marked for the divine,
From Aaron's lineage, a sacred line.

On Sinai's peak, the priesthood crown,
Adorning Aaron, his renown.
Selected people, Israel's grace,
From seventy nations, a chosen place."

The heavenly hosts in response declare,
"This one is worthy, beyond compare.
To gaze upon the Merkaba's glow,
Fortune shines on those below.

From Israel's tribe, a lineage bright,
In holy radiance, they find their light.
Aaron's descendant, blessed and true,
This vision, rare, for a chosen few."

In awe, they acknowledge the honored kin,
Allowed to witness the realms within.
Metatron's words, a celestial decree,
Fortunate, the people, in such decree.

Chapter 3

In that celestial expanse, where mysteries
unfold,
I, Rabbi Ishmael, questioned the angel of old.
Metatron, the Prince, in radiant attire,
Bearing seventy names, a celestial lyre.

"Metatron," said I, "reveal unto me,
Your name, your essence, your celestial
decree.
Seventy names you boast, a linguistic array,
Each a reflection of the world's vibrant
display."

In reply, he spoke, his voice a cosmic hymn,
"Seventy names I bear, in languages dim,
From Metatron they spring, the angel so
bright,
Yet 'Youth' is my title in the sacred light."

A name from the King, in the heavenly abode,
'Youth,' a moniker on this celestial road.
Seventy tongues weave tales of cosmic might,
Yet 'Youth' resonates in the divine light.

In the tapestry of languages, a celestial art,
Metatron's essence, a creation's heart.
A cosmic symphony, a linguistic ballet,
Yet 'Youth' in the divine tongue holds sway.

In the presence of God, where angels convene,
Metatron, the Youth, in glory is seen.
A name that echoes in the celestial hall,
In the seventy tongues, Youth stands tall.

Chapter 4

In the chronicles of heavens high, where
angels dance,
A query arose in the celestial expanse.
I, Rabbi Ishmael, sought Metatron's lore,
Why, among the angels, Youth he's called and
more.

"Metatron," said I, "by your Creator's decree,
In seventy tongues, you bear identity.
Higher than angels, a celestial youth,
In the heavenly abode, declare your truth."

Metatron, with grace, began his tale,
A saga woven in the celestial trail.
"I am Enoch," he declared, voice serene,
Son of Jared, in a time unseen.

"When the deluge engulfed the sinful crowd,
Their deeds corrupt, their voices loud.
They turned from God, their hearts unswayed,
'Knowledge of Your ways,' they disavowed.

"Removed, I was, from their earthly plane,
To bear witness above, a celestial gain.
'Merciful One is cruel,' they might say,
In heavenly courts, I'd hold dismay.

"A prince appointed, in angelic choir,
Three accusers came, flames of celestial fire.
'UZZA, 'AZZA, 'AZZAEL, voices raised,
Accusations against me, their fervor blazed.

"'Do not create man,' the Ancient Ones
proclaimed,
In the highest courts, my destiny named.
But God, in His wisdom, declared anew,

'I have created, I will bear, and carry
through.'

"Before the assembly, their voices raised,
'Who ascends, descended from the Flood's
malaise?
A figure from the perished, in celestial
flight,
What business has he in the heavenly height?'

"The Creator, in reply, silenced their quest,
In my favor, His delight expressed.
'Greater joy in this one than all of you,
A prince, a ruler, over heavenly crew.'

"As they bowed before me, celestial acclaim,
'You are blessed, and your father the same.'
In days, months, and years, youthfulness my
mark,
Hence 'Youth' they call me in the celestial
arc."

Thus, in the cosmic symphony, Enoch's name,
Echoes through heavens, a celestial flame.
Youth in title, but wisdom profound,
In the heavenly chronicles, his story is
bound.

Chapter 5

In the days of old, when time unfurled its tale,
A time when angels and mortals would set sail.
Metatron, the Prince of Presence, spoke to me,
Of a time when Shekhinah graced the world's decree.

From Eden's gate, where Adam's fate was sealed,
The Shekhinah dwelled, its radiance revealed.
Beneath the Tree of Life, it found its place,
A cherub's embrace, a celestial grace.

Angelic hosts descended from on high,
In formations vast, across the cosmic sky.
The world bathed in the Shekhinah's glow,
A brilliance unmatched, a celestial show.

No flies dared buzz, nor gnats dared near,
In its radiant light, no illness, no fear.
Demons trembled, their dominion ceased,
The Shekhinah's embrace, a celestial feast.

When the Holy One moved, from Eden's bower,
To heavenly realms, in celestial power,
The brilliance shone, a divine display,
A cosmic dance in the celestial array.

Yet, Enosh's era, a shadow cast,
As idolatry rose, its shadows vast.
Silver, gold, and stones, a mountainous might,
Idols erected in the sun's warm light.

Across the globe, idols of immense scale,
1,000 parasangs, tales to regale.
Celestial bodies, sun and moon,

Brought to Earth, a sorcery boon.

'Uzza, 'Azza, 'Azziel, their guides,
Taught the arts where the dark resides.
Sorcery wove, celestial threads,
Brought the heavens low, raised earthly heads.

Accusations rose in the heavenly court,
Angelic voices in a stern report.
"Why leave the heavens, Your radiant throne?
To dwell on Earth, with idols overthrown?"

Enosh, the leader of idolatrous creed,
His generation in darkness would feed.
Accusations echoed, concerns were hurled,
"What concern with those who worship the world?"

In that moment, God's response divine,
The Shekhinah lifted, no longer to shine.
The celestial hosts, in their legions arrayed,
Trumpets and horns, celestial songs played.

God ascended, a cosmic crescendo,
To the highest heavens, the eternal crescendo.
A shout echoed, a trumpet's sound,
As God ascended, the Earth unbound.

Chapter 6

In the tapestry of time, a celestial decree,
Enoch, a chosen one, destined to be free.
Metatron, the Angel, his tale unfolds,
On fiery chariot, a journey of old.

'Anaphiel, the Prince, in splendor did appear,
To lift Enoch high, to realms unclear.
Upon a chariot, fiery steeds did soar,
Through cosmic realms, their destiny to explore.

The Shekhinah, radiant, by his side,
A celestial dance, a cosmic guide.
He ascended heavens, a chosen feat,
Amidst Chayyoth, Seraphim, a heavenly seat.

In the celestial expanse, a fragrant breeze,
A white drop ascends, with grace it flees.
"What essence is this, born of woman's kin?"
Angelic voices echo, inquiry begins.

From distant realms, 365,000 they sense,
A mere gnat's appearance, a presence intense.
"What brings this fragrance, this essence so pure,
Among those who flames and destinies assure?"

The Holy One, blessed, with a voice so divine,
Answered the hosts in the heavenly line.
"Fear not, my servants, Kerubim, and more,
For this chosen one, I to you implore.

"In rejection, humanity has turned away,
To idols and shadows, their hearts astray.
The Shekhinah, I lift, from their earthly gaze,

To realms above, in celestial blaze.

"This Elect One, righteous in faith and deed,
Stands equal to all, a chosen seed.
In the world below, where mortals roam,
A tribute to my kingdom, a chosen home."

The celestial symphony, a cosmic decree,
Echoes through realms, both land and sea.
Enoch, the Elect, in the heavens' embrace,
A chosen one, in divine grace.

Chayyoth, 'Ophannim, their eyes now see,
A mortal ascends in celestial glee.
The Shekhinah elevated, its earthly ties cut,
In the cosmic dance, Enoch's fate is put.

The heavens respond to the chosen's ascent,
A fragrance divine, a celestial scent.
In faith and righteousness, his essence refined,
An Elect One chosen, the heavens bind.

So, in the cosmic tapestry, Enoch flies,
Borne on fiery wings, through celestial skies.
The Shekhinah dances, a radiant pair,
In the exalted heavens, a destiny rare.

Chapter 7

In the era of the Flood, a tale unfolds,
Enoch, chosen, a destiny foretold.
Metatron, the Angel, whispers in the night,
Of wings that bear Enoch to celestial height.

On Shekhinah's winds, he took flight,
To realms unknown, bathed in ethereal light.
'Araboth Raqia,' halls of majesty,
Where the divine Throne holds its symphony.

The Merkaba, a chariot of cosmic design,
Through heavens untold, it begins to shine.
Forces of wrath and celestial hosts,
In fiery dance, on celestial coasts.

The fiery Shin'anim, with intense might,
Blazing Kerubim, in heavenly flight.
'Ophannim fervent, with wings unfurled,
In the cosmic dance, they encircle the world.

Chashmalim radiant, with fiery gaze,
Seraphim like lightning, in celestial haze.
Enoch, amidst this celestial array,
Attends the Throne, day by day.

The Shekhinah's radiance, a celestial guide,
Through realms of wonder, side by side.
Enveloped in splendor, the Throne aglow,
In 'Araboth Raqia,' the celestial show.

Enoch beholds the Merkaba's grace,
A cosmic chariot in infinite space.
Divine wrath harnessed, in angelic form,
As celestial armies the cosmic norm.

The fiery servants, in radiant dance,

A celestial ballet, a divine trance.
Choreographed by the cosmic hand,
In the exalted heavens, where angels stand.

Day by day, Enoch attends the Throne,
In the halls of majesty, his destiny sown.
Among the forces of divine might,
In the cosmic dance, he finds his light.

In the ethereal dance, a celestial ballet,
Enoch moves in the Shekhinah's sway.
His journey through heavens, a cosmic quest,
In the embrace of the celestial, he finds
rest.

So, in 'Araboth Raqia,' the halls so high,
Enoch lingers, 'neath the cosmic sky.
A chosen one, in celestial embrace,
In the exalted heavens, a dwelling place.

Chapter 8

In the celestial realm where gates unfold,
Metatron, Prince of Presence, tales are told.
Rabbi Ishmael, the narrator wise,
Shares the saga that in mystic realms lies.

Three hundred thousand gates, a cosmic key,
Understanding, Subtlety, Life's decree.
Grace and loving-kindness, an endless stream,
Unlocking gates, a celestial dream.

Love and Torah in multitude shine,
Meekness, sustenance, their light align.
Mercy's gates, a celestial choir,
Fear of heaven, flames of sacred fire.

Wisdom upon wisdom, a cosmic tide,
Understanding's dance, none can hide.
Subtlety upon subtlety, a gentle breeze,
Knowledge upon knowledge, as the cosmic seas.

Mercy upon mercy, a divine cascade,
Instruction upon instruction, in wisdom's
shade.
Love upon love, a celestial song,
Loving-kindness, where souls belong.

Goodness upon goodness, a radiant hue,
Meekness upon meekness, virtues anew.
Power upon power, in celestial might,
Strength upon strength, in the cosmic light.

Brilliance upon brilliance, a cosmic gleam,
Beauty upon beauty, a celestial dream.
Splendor upon splendor, in realms untold,
Metatron adorned, in virtues manifold.

More than celestial beings, his honor soared,
Adorned in virtues, a cosmic accord.
In the cosmic ballet, he takes his place,
Metatron, enriched in celestial grace.

The gates unfold, a celestial array,
Metatron walks the cosmic way.
In the halls of wisdom, his spirit soars,
A cosmic symphony, the celestial roars.

So, in the dance of virtues, a celestial
delight,
Metatron bathed in Wisdom's light.
In the cosmic expanse, a radiant sight,
A prince among angels, in heavenly flight.

Chapter 9

In the realm where angels dance and sing,
A tale unfolds, a celestial wing.
Rabbi Ishmael, in wisdom's embrace,
Shares the tale of Metatron's grace.

The Holy One, with hand outstretched wide,
Blessed Enoch, a celestial guide.
Five thousand blessings, like stars in the night,
A cosmic embrace, a celestial light.

Enveloped, expanded, in cosmic decree,
Length and width of the world, vast and free.
Seventy-two wings, a celestial array,
On each side, in the cosmic ballet.

Wings that span the world's expanse,
A dance of angels, a celestial dance.
Thirty-six on each side, a cosmic flight,
In the celestial realm, a wondrous sight.

Three hundred sixty-five eyes, aglow,
Luminous orbs in the cosmic flow.
Each eye a beacon, a radiant sun,
In the cosmic dance, a celestial run.

No splendor withheld, no brilliance denied,
In Enoch, the chosen, in celestial pride.
Adorned with the beauty of the universe wide,
A tapestry of light, a celestial guide.

The Holy One's gift, a celestial art,
Enoch, adorned, a work of divine heart.
In the cosmic dance, with radiant grace,
Enoch, the blessed, in the celestial space.

Radiant luminary, in the heavenly spheres,
Guiding souls through cosmic years.
In the embrace of the Most High,
Enoch soars, in the cosmic sky.

A tale of blessings, of celestial wings,
In the heart of the cosmic springs.
Enoch, the adorned, the chosen one,
In the cosmic dance, a radiant sun.

Chapter 10

In the celestial expanse where angels tread,
A throne of splendor for Metatron is spread.
A curtain of resplendent appearance unfurls,
Woven with lights from the ends of the worlds.

The Holy One, in divine decree,
Crafts a throne, a symbol of majesty.
Positioned at the Seventh Hall's embrace,
Metatron seated, in heavenly grace.

A herald dispatched, a proclamation bold,
Through every realm, its echoes unfold.
"Behold Metatron, my servant true,
Prince and ruler, appointed by the view.

Over dominions, over heavenly kin,
Save the eight princes, revered within.
YHWH, the name they proudly bear,
In honor of their King, a title rare.

Approach him, angels, with words sincere,
In his presence, let your voices clear.
Direct your words to this chosen one,
In the cosmic dance, under the sun.

His directives, a divine decree,
Fulfill them all, from sea to sea.
For the Prince of Wisdom, the Prince of Light,
Guides his steps in both day and night.

Wisdom celestial, a heavenly lore,
Guided by those who have gone before.
Understanding profound, in earthly matters,
In this world's wisdom, and what it scatters.

Authority granted over treasures untold,

In the palaces of Araboth, a story unfolds.
Over reservoirs of life, in heavens high,
Metatron reigns, 'neath the cosmic sky.

In the dance of angels, a celestial ball,
Metatron rises, heeds the divine call.
A ruler, a prince, in the heavenly plan,
Guided by the wisdom of the Holy One's hand.

In the Seventh Hall, where mysteries reside,
Metatron, adorned, in splendors wide.
A curtain of beauty, a throne so grand,
In the cosmic dance, where angels stand.

Chapter 11

In realms celestial, where mysteries unfurl,
Metatron, in divine light, takes his twirl.
The Holy One, in his celestial grace,
Unveils the secrets of the cosmic space.

To Metatron, the angel, pure and bright,
The Torah's mysteries, a radiant light.
Wisdom's secrets, in the Perfect Law,
The depths of creation, without a flaw.

The hidden thoughts within each beating heart,
Laid bare to Metatron, set apart.
The secrets of the universe, profound,
In his grasp, the cosmic mysteries bound.

A witness to the birth of every thought,
Before it took form, Metatron sought.
Deeds unfolded, before they could commence,
In divine wisdom, his sight immense.

Above, below, in every cosmic plane,
No secret concealed, no knowledge in vain.
Metatron, blessed with insight divine,
In the cosmic dance, a radiant sign.

In the heights above and depths below,
Metatron's knowledge, a boundless flow.
The cosmic tapestry, an open scroll,
Every hidden truth, under his control.

No realm beyond the angel's keen sight,
No veiled mysteries, in the day or night.
With each celestial dance, each cosmic spin,
Metatron's wisdom, a radiant din.

In the symphony of the cosmic ballet,

Metatron stands, wisdom's bright array.
The secrets of existence, his to know,
In the cosmic dance, where angels glow.

Chapter 12

In realms above, where celestial beings dwell,
A tale unfolds, of glory that befell.
Metatron, graced by the Holy One's love,
Adorned in splendor from the realms above.

A garment woven with luminous light,
A robe of honor, in beauty's flight.
Majestic crown, with gems that brightly gleam,
A regal vision, like a radiant dream.

Forty-nine stones, in the crown's embrace,
Each one a sun in the celestial space.
Its brilliance, a symphony of cosmic art,
A crown that spoke of the Creator's heart.

The celestial firmament, a canvas vast,
The crown's radiance, a spell it cast.
Across seven heavens, its glow unfurls,
In every corner, in ethereal swirls.

The Holy One, in a divine decree,
Placed the crown on Metatron, setting him
free.
A name bestowed, echoing through the sky,
"The Lesser YHWH," in glory, he would fly.

"As My name is in him," the words resound,
In Metatron, a cosmic truth is found.
A prince, adorned in celestial array,
To guide the host, in wisdom's bright display.

In splendor dressed, with a cosmic crown,
Metatron stands, his fame renown.
The Lesser YHWH, a title grand,
In the heavens' dance, he takes his stand.

The garment of glory, a celestial cloak,
In the dance of angels, Metatron spoke.
A robe of honor, adorned with grace,
In the cosmic realms, he'd find his place.

The regal crown, a symbol of might,
Glistening gems, in the heavenly light.
Forty-nine suns in a cosmic array,
A crown to illumine the celestial play.

So, in the presence of the heavenly host,
Metatron shines, a celestial boast.
"The Lesser YHWH," in glory's embrace,
A tale of splendor, in the cosmic space.

Chapter 13

In realms divine, where angels soar on high,
A tale unfolds beneath the cosmic sky.
Metatron, the Prince in glory bright,
Bearer of celestial secrets, bathed in light.

The Holy One, with love beyond compare,
Bestows on him a crown, beyond compare.
A crown of cosmic letters, flaming bright,
Inscribed by God's own finger, pure and white.

With stylus aflame, a wondrous scribe,
The letters dance, in glory they imbibe.
Upon the crown that graces Metatron's brow,
Cosmic secrets, only angels know.

Flashes of lightning, torches bright,
Each letter, a celestial light.
Akin to flames, a cosmic dance,
A symphony of creation, in a trance.

These letters, sacred, formed the vast
expanse,
Heaven and earth in a cosmic dance.
Seas and rivers, flowing in delight,
Mountains and hills, in the soft moonlight.

Planets and constellations, stars aligned,
The grand design, the cosmos divined.
Lightning strikes, a celestial arc,
Winds that whisper in the endless dark.

Earthquakes rumble, a cosmic sound,
Thunderous echoes, the heavens resound.
Snowflakes fall, in a gentle embrace,
Hailstorms roar, a dance in space.

Storm winds howl, in tempest's might,
A cosmic ballet, in the endless night.
Each element shaped by letters divine,
On Metatron's crown, the sacred sign.

These letters, not mere symbols on display,
But the essence of creation, in a cosmic
ballet.
Forming the world in beauty and grace,
A testament to God's wondrous embrace.

With each letter, a universe unfolds,
Secrets of creation, in stories untold.
Metatron, the bearer of celestial lore,
Wears the crown that creation bore.

The dance continues, in the cosmic sea,
Letters forming the world, endlessly.
Inscribed on the crown, a cosmic chart,
A symphony of creation, a work of art.

Chapter 14

In realms on high, where angels tread,
A tale unfolds, by Rabbi Ishmael said.
Metatron, the Angel, in glory crowned,
A presence that makes celestial realms
astound.

Upon his brow, a crown of cosmic lore,
God's finger traced letters, the world to
explore.
Flaming stylus, a celestial dance,
Creation's secrets in each fiery glance.

Letters ablaze, like lightning's spark,
Heaven and earth emerged from the dark.
Seas and rivers, mountains tall,
Cosmic letters formed them all.

In the dance of creation, a wondrous sight,
Metatron's crown, a beacon of light.
Planets and constellations, stars aligned,
Cosmic letters, a symphony designed.

And as the letters danced in the cosmic sea,
Metatron rose in celestial glee.
Wings outspread, a glorious sight,
Bathed in the Shekhinah's radiant light.

To the Seventh Hall, on fiery chariot's wing,
Metatron soared, a celestial king.
Chayyoth, Ophannim, Seraphim's choir,
Greeted him with celestial lyre.

From a distance far, a question arose,
"What being is this, among flames that flows?"
God's voice echoed in realms on high,
"This is my chosen one, to him, draw nigh."

The princes of kingdoms, angels elemental,
Even Sammael, the most influential,
Quaked and trembled in awe profound,
As Metatron's presence did resound.

The angel of fire, hail, and the wind,
Angels of elements, their fears thinned.
The sun, the moon, planets, and more,
All bowed to him, their worship to pour.

"Gabriel, ruler of fire's bright blaze,
Baradiel, hail's dance in cosmic haze,
Ruchiel, wind's whisper in the sky,
Baraqiel, lightning's flash on high.

Za'amiel, vehemence's fiery embrace,
Ziqiel, sparks that in chaos grace.
Zi'iel, commotion's celestial might,
Zdaphiel, storm-wind's furious flight.

Ra'amiel, thunders that roar and shake,
Rctashiel, earthquakes in the ground's quake.
Shalgiel, snow's gentle descent,
Matariel, rain's gift, to earth it's sent.

Shimshiel, the day in golden sheen,
Lailiel, night in shadows serene.
Galgalliel, the sun's radiant sphere,
'Ophanniel, moon's glow, crystal clear.

Kokbiel, planets in celestial dance,
Rahatiel, constellations' sparkling expanse.
All bowed before him, in reverence and fear,
Unable to bear the glory that did appear.

The rulers of worlds, in splendor arrayed,
Before Metatron, their obeisance displayed.
Unable to witness the radiant sight,

They prostrated in awe, in the Shekhinah's light.

Chapter 15

In the realm where angels tread on high,
Metatron, the Prince, beneath the sky.
To the Throne of Glory, he was called,
A tale of transformation, in flames installed.

As the Wheels of Merkaba began to turn,
And the Shekhinah's presence, like a fire, did burn.
Flesh to flame, sinews to fiery dance,
Bones to coals, in a fiery trance.

Eyelids aglow with lightning's might,
Eyeballs aflame, a celestial light.
Hair turned to flames, a fiery tide,
Limbs now wings, in fiery pride.

His very essence, a blazing fire,
Transformed by the divine, a celestial pyre.
On the right, divisions of fiery grace,
On the left, firebrands in an endless chase.

Storm winds embraced him, tempests wild,
Thunder roared, earthquakes compiled.
A dance of elements, a cosmic show,
In the presence of Metatron's fiery glow.

As the heavens trembled, before and behind,
Metatron, in flames, in the Shekhinah enshrined.
A transformation profound, in fiery might,
A celestial being, in the divine light.

The angel of glory, once in human guise,
Now a spectacle, a fire that defies.
Wings of fire, a luminous trail,
In the cosmic dance, he set sail.

In the fiery whirlwind, he took flight,
A burning comet, a celestial light.
His very being, a radiant pyre,
Metatron, transformed, in divine fire.

Amidst the Wheels of Merkaba's spin,
In the fiery dance, he found kin.
Burning with purpose, in flames arrayed,
Metatron's transformation, a celestial trade.

Chapter 16

In realms above where angels tread,
Metatron, the Prince, by glory led.
Before the Supreme, a radiant sight,
Greater than Elohim, bathed in light.

Beneath the Throne, his presence stood,
A tabernacle high, where angels would.
Fire of deafness in Chayyoth's ear,
Shielded from the Word, divine and clear.

Moses, a mortal, ascends on high,
Fasting for days, the heavens to spy.
Chashmal's abode unveiled to view,
Lion's heart, mysteries anew.

Countless hosts in fiery dance,
Seek to consume, a perilous trance.
Yet Moses prays, intercedes in flight,
For Israel's sake, against the fiery might.

Celestial windows above Kerubim,
Opened wide, as Moses sought Him.
1800 advocates, with Metatron in tow,
Greet Moses, prayers as a crown they bestow.

"Hear, O Israel," they joyfully proclaim,
Radiant faces in the Shekina's flame.
Metatron questioned, "Who do they adore?"
"To the Glorious Lord of Israel," he swore.

Akatriel speaks, "Moses, fear not,
Your prayers heard, forget it not.
Ask what you will, from Glory and Majesty,
Your countenance shines, from sea to sea."

Yet Moses hesitates, a cautious plea,

"I fear guilt, let it not be on me."
Metatron reassures, "Take the covenant true,
No breach shall mar what God bestows on you."

In Fragment B, the tale unfolds,
Metatron, once in glory, behold.
A grand Throne, judgment he imparts,
Bestowing greatness to celestial hearts.

Acher, witness to the heavenly scene,
The vision of Merkaba, a sight unseen.
Fear and trembling grip his soul,
As Metatron presides, a king, in control.

"I see two Powers," Acher cried,
A misconception that could not hide.
A Divine Voice echoes in the air,
"Return, O children, except Acher, beware!"

Aniyel, the honored Prince, divine,
Enacts justice, fiery lashes align.
Sixty lashes upon Metatron's frame,
A consequence for Acher's misconstrued claim.

Chapter 17

In the celestial realms where angels soar,
Metatron, the Prince, begins to implore.
To Rabbi Ishmael, the tale unfolds,
Of princes celestial, their stories to be told.

Seven heavens high, each with a prince,
In 'Araboth's glory, their dominion commence.
Michael, the exalted, in seventh heaven reigns,
His angelic host, myriad in gains.

Gabriel in the sixth, Makon's celestial abode,
A leader of hosts on this heavenly road.
Shatqiel commands the fifth in Ma'on's embrace,
Angel assembly's prince, a celestial grace.

Shachaqiel, the commander, fourth heaven's guide,
In Zebul's expanse, where heavenly currents abide.
Badariel's rule in Shehaqim's sphere,
The third heaven's prince, a celestial seer.

Barakiel, honored, in Raqia's exalted height,
Governor of the second, where angels take flight.
Pazriel, prince of the first, in Wilon's embrace,
Heaven's entrance in Shamayim's grace.

Above, Galgalliel, the sun's prince bright,
With 96 angels, moves the orb of light.
Ophanniel below, in moonlight's domain,
88 angels dance, the lunar ballet's gain.

Rahatiel, appointed over constellations' array,
With 72 angels, guides stars' nightly ballet.
Kokbiel reigns o'er planets in celestial span,
365,000 angels in his heavenly plan.

Seventy-two princes in languages arrayed,
Crowns on their heads, in glory displayed.
Regal attire, cloaked in kingly grace,
Mounted on horses, a celestial race.

Through heavenly realms, their chariots roll,
A majestic entourage, an ethereal stroll.
Scepters in hand, as they traverse the skies,
Hailed with praises, like earthly kings arise.

A tale of heavens, in poetic prose,
Where angels and princes in grandeur compose.
Metatron unfolds, the celestial lore,
In Rabbi Ishmael's ears, forevermore.

Chapter 18

In celestial spheres where angels tread,
Metatron, the Prince, to Ishmael said.
A tale unfolds of the heavenly rank,
In poetic prose, the celestial bank.

In the FIRST HEAVEN, angels bow low,
Dismount their horses, their reverence show.
Their prince before them, radiant and bright,
They prostrate, humbled, in heavenly light.

SECOND HEAVEN'S PRINCE, the next in line,
The FIRST HEAVEN'S PRINCE, his crown does resign.
Prostrate he falls, in awe profound,
Before the next, in hierarchy bound.

So it goes, each heaven cascading,
Angel to prince, their homage parading.
THIRD HEAVEN'S PRINCE to the SECOND will yield,
A bow, a reverence, on heaven's field.

In a heavenly dance, the ritual unfolds,
Each prince to the next, in reverence molds.
SEVENTH HEAVEN'S PRINCE, majestic and high,
Bows before the seventy-two, a celestial sigh.

The SEVENTY-TWO PRINCES OF KINGDOMS great,
Before THE DOORKEEPERS, remove their crown's weight.
In celestial halls of Raqia's embrace,
They bow in reverence, a heavenly grace.

As the hierarchy climbs, in steps divine,
Each doorkeeper bows, in a sacred line.

SEVENTH HALL'S DOORKEEPERS, their crowns laid down,
Before FOUR GREAT PRINCES, their homage is known.

The FOUR GREAT PRINCES, before TAG'AS sublime,
In humble act, remove their crown's shine.
TAG'AS to BARATTIEL, the sequence sustains,
A bow, a gesture, as reverence gains.

BARATTIEL, before HAMON bows low,
A fearsome prince, with celestial glow.
Hamon's authority in worship profound,
Initiates the "(Thrice) Holy" sound.

TUTRESIEL, respected, in the celestial show,
Encounters HAMON, in reverence they bow.
A cascade of princes, a heavenly theme,
Homage and reverence, like a sacred stream.

The celestial dance, in steps untold,
A sequence of angels, their reverence unfold.
From highest to lowest, in heavenly flight,
Each prince to the next, in awe and light.

SOTHER 'ASHIEL H', by the fiery river's flow,
Authority over those who come and go.
Before the Shekina, in majestic attire,
His crown laid down in sacred fire.

Their reverence vivid, described in prose,
Like earthly kings, their reverence shows.
In the heavenly realm, a grand display,
Of angels in homage, in a celestial ballet.

Despite their standing, in celestial might,
Readiness and reverence, before the Divine's light.

Recording deeds and destinies, in the heavenly scroll,
A hierarchy profound, a celestial goal.

Chapter 19

In the celestial halls where angels dwell,
Metatron, the Prince, the story will tell.
A tale of Rikbiel, a Prince of might,
Awe-inspiring, adorned, in celestial light.

His name, Rikbiel, in splendor it rings,
Overseeing wheels, where the Merkaba springs.
A regal figure, esteemed, and revered,
To the Merkaba's wheels, his power adhered.

Eight wheels he governs, in directions they turn,
Entrusted to him, their celestial churn.
Storm-wind, tempest, winds strong and quake,
Around the wheels, their forces they make.

Four rivers of fire, a radiant tide,
On each side, their fiery pride.
Between them, clouds of varied kind,
A celestial dance, in the cosmic mind.

Clouds of fire, lamps, coal, and brimstone,
Around the wheels, a heavenly zone.
Beneath the wheels, where the Chayyoth rest,
Thunderous roars, the divine bequest.

Vibrations fill the spaces between,
As the Song approaches, a celestial scene.
Wheels in motion, clouds a-quiver,
In the celestial dance, the angels shiver.

Leaders anxious, horsemen restless,
The mighty stirred, in heavenly address.
Hosts alarmed, and troops in fear,
Appointed ones hasten, the cosmic frontier.

Princes and armies, in dismay,
Servants falter, in the celestial fray.
Angels labor, divisions in pain,
As the wheels turn, in a celestial strain.

The sound echoes from one to another,
Cherubs, Chayyoth, Seraphs, in chorus they smother.
"Extol Him who rides upon highest of high,
By His name Jah, let the heavens reply!"

A celestial proclamation, in the heavenly court,
As wheels turn, and clouds report.
The Merkaba's dance, in majestic delight,
Rikbiel presides, in celestial height.

In the cosmic symphony, a Song is sung,
By angels and beings, in celestial tongue.
A dance of wheels, a celestial array,
In Rikbiel's presence, where angels sway.

A Prince of grandeur, blameless and old,
In the cosmic tale, his story is told.
Over Merkaba's wheels, his dominion extends,
In the cosmic dance, where the heavenly bends.

Chapter 20

In the celestial realms where angels tread,
A tale unfolds, by Metatron, it's said.
A mighty prince, illustrious and grand,
Chayyliel, the revered, in the cosmic land.

A name that echoes through the heavenly halls,
A prince whose might upon creation falls.
Commanding awe from beings on high,
Chayyliel stands, beneath the cosmic sky.

A figure respected, a potent force,
Guiding the Chayyoth in their celestial course.
With fiery lashes, he adorns their flight,
As they praise and glorify in the cosmic light.

Why Chayyliel? The question arises,
As fiery lashes, in divine worship, comprises.
A prince of authority, esteemed and great,
Guiding the Chayyoth to their celestial fate.

In the Qedushsha, where praises resound,
Chayyliel leads, his authority unbound.
"Holy" and "Blessed," the celestial hymn,
Under Chayyliel's command, the Chayyoth swim.

He hastens them to declare, in joyful array,
The Glory of the Lord, in His celestial bay.
A dance of light, in the cosmic sea,
Chayyliel, the guardian, leads the decree.

Celestial beings, with reverence they bow,
Before Chayyliel, in the cosmic vow.
A gulp that echoes through the earthly expanse,

Chayyliel's might, in the cosmic dance.

With fiery lashes, the Chayyoth are adorned,
In the divine worship, their praises are throned.
Chayyliel's command, a celestial decree,
In the cosmic tale, where angels roam free.

A revered prince, with power untold,
Chayyliel's story, in celestial gold.
In the cosmic symphony, his name resounds,
A guardian of beings, where the divine confounds.

Chapter 21

In the celestial tapestry where the Chayyoth dance,
A tale unfolds, a cosmic trance.
Metatron, the Prince of Presence, did impart,
A marvel profound, a work of celestial art.

Four Chayyoth, aligned with the winds' embrace,
Each, a cosmic guardian, a celestial grace.
Faces not one, but four they bear,
A likeness of the East, a countenance rare.

With wings that span the universe wide,
They soar through realms, in celestial stride.
A symphony of faces, a cosmic ballet,
Within faces and wings, their splendor holds sway.

Two hundred and forty-eight, the faces adorned,
Each a story, a celestial poem, divinely formed.
Wings, three hundred and sixty-five in flight,
A dance of numbers, a cosmic light.

Four faces on each, with wings to embrace,
A celestial design, in the heavenly space.
Crowns upon crowns, a regal array,
Two thousand bows, like the rainbow's display.

Radiance that rivals the morning sun,
A celestial spectacle, a cosmic run.
Sparks that emanate, like the morning star's glow,
In the Eastern sky, where the celestial winds blow.

In the dance of the Chayyoth, a cosmic ballet,
A celestial sonnet, in the heavenly array.
Metatron unfolds this marvel untold,
In the cosmic chronicles, where wonders unfold.

Chapter 22

In the celestial realms where angels tread,
A tale of splendor, by Metatron, is spread.
High above, in the tapestry of the sky,
A Prince named KERUBIEL, noble and high.

Illustrious, mighty, his praises sung,
In myriad hosts, his glory flung.
His wrath, a quake that shakes the earth,
Foundations tremble at his princely birth.

Radiant as burning coals, a cosmic might,
Seven heavens span his awe-inspiring height.
His fiery tongue, a consuming blaze,
Lightning's brilliance in his gaze.

A crown of holiness upon his head,
The Explicit Name, in lightnings, spread.
Shekina's bow betwixt his shoulders lays,
In majesty, he guides the Kerubim's ways.

His sword, a mirror of lightning's flash,
Arrows adorn his waist in a fiery clash.
Armor and shield, a consuming fire,
Juniper coals around his neck inspire.

A diadem on his skull, a royal sight,
Eyes upon his body, wings cloaked in light.
Fiery blaze in his right hand's embrace,
Left hand's fire, a glowing grace.

Lightnings erupt from his visage grand,
Thunder accompanies his celestial stand.
The Merkaba princes at his side,
In cosmic realms, they together glide.

KERUBIEL, the appointed guide,

Over the Kerubim's chariot, his rule applied.
Adorning crowns, polishing diadems bright,
Magnifying their splendor, a celestial light.

The Kerubim stand, with Chayyoth, a divine array,
Wings raised to their heads in the Shekina's display.
Sapphire stones and firebrands surround,
In their celestial dance, the Glory is found.

A bridge spans before the Throne of Glory,
Guarded by Kerubiel, in celestial story.
Thirty-six thousand myriads it extends,
Beyond seraphim, where celestial awe transcends.

Twenty-four myriads of wheels ablaze,
Twelve thousand myriads of angels in praise.
Rivers of hail, repositories of snow,
Seven Halls with chariots aglow.

Bridges, fiery and hailing, a celestial theme,
Rivers of fire and hail, a radiant stream.
Countless entrances for celestial beings,
In the pathways of Raqia Shamayim, they are seen.

The King of Glory, in majesty veiled,
660,000 myriads of angels hailed.
Araboth Raqia, where angels adore,
Yet, the King's face veiled, His Majesty they implore.

Rivers of joy, streams of delight,
Before the Throne, a celestial sight.
Chayyoth's song, Ophannim's timbrel play,
Kerubim's cymbal melody, in cosmic array.

"Holy, Holy, Holy," the anthem roars,
The whole earth echoes, celestial shores.
Metatron unfolds, in poetic measure,
The celestial dance, a cosmic treasure.

Fragment C reveals the celestial span,
Bridges, rivers, and wheels in God's plan.
From Throne to foot, the distance vast,
Forty-thousand myriads, in Glory's cast.

Bow's arches grace Araboth high,
A thousand thousand times, ten thousand in the sky.
The clouds transform, hail angels into coals,
A cosmic symphony, as the celestial tale unfolds.

A fire's voice descends, angels in fear,
They run and return, its command they hear.
The Bow's arches, surpassing the summer sun,
In grandeur and beauty, their celestial run.

Chapter 23

In celestial realms where the Kerubim soar,
A tale of winds beneath their wings, Metatron bore.
Countless and varied, like a cosmic choir,
Each with a purpose, each with its fire.

The Brooding Wind, on the waters' face,
Genesis whispers, in celestial grace.
The Strong Wind, parting the mighty sea,
Exodus echoes, in divine decree.

The East Wind, with locusts in its stride,
Exodus unfolds, in the celestial guide.
The Wind of Quails, a providential breeze,
Numbers tells, with divine ease.

Jealousy's Wind, upon a soul does fall,
Numbers reveals, in its celestial thrall.
The Wind of Earthquake, with a mighty roar,
Kings recounts, in divine rapport.

The Wind of H', a divine conveyance,
Exodus speaks, of a sacred trance.
Evil's Wind, departing with a breath,
Samuel chronicles, the celestial death.

Winds of Wisdom, Understanding, and more,
Isaiah weaves, in a celestial lore.
Rain's Wind, bringing life from above,
Proverbs sings, in the language of love.

Lightning's Wind, a celestial dance,
Jeremiah chants, in a rhythmic trance.
Breaking Rocks' Wind, in mountains' embrace,
Kings declares, in a sacred space.

Assuaging Wind, over the waters' span,
Genesis whispers, in a cosmic plan.
Wrath's Wind, a tempest's might,
Job unfolds, in the celestial light.

Storm-Wind, fulfilling its word,
Psalms declares, in a chorus heard.
Satan, amidst these winds does stand,
A storm-wind named, in the celestial band.

Beneath Kerubim's wings, they dance and play,
As Psalms sing, in a celestial array.
Swiftly upon the wings of the wind,
A celestial journey, as the Scriptures bind.

Where do these winds, in their courses go?
From Psalms to Ecclesiastes, the Scriptures show.
Southward and northward, a continual race,
In circuits they turn, a celestial embrace.

Descending to the sun's radiant sphere,
As Ecclesiastes tells, in words clear.
From sun to rivers, seas, and hills,
Amos unfolds, in celestial thrills.

Mountains and hills, they continue their quest,
Amos speaks, of winds on a heavenly quest.
Cities and provinces, their path unfolds,
A journey of winds, as the Scripture molds.

To the Garden they travel, as Genesis tells,
In the wind of the day, where the story swells.
Eden awaits, with fragrance divine,
As Genesis whispers, in a celestial sign.

From the farthest corners, they waft perfume,

A celestial scent, in a fragrant plume.
To the righteous and godly, the scent they bring,
In a future Garden, where celestial echoes sing.

Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south,
As Song of Solomon whispers, in the celestial mouth.
Blow upon my garden, let spices flow,
A scent of paradise, in the winds that blow.

Chapter 24

In the celestial expanse, where angels tread,
Metatron, the Prince, to Ishmael said,
A tale of chariots, arrayed in splendor,
Belonging to the Holy One, a celestial vendor.

Countless they stand, in divine array,
Each with a purpose, in the heavens' ballet.
Chariots of Kerubim, majestic and grand,
Upon cherubs they soar, across the cosmic land.

Wings of wind, swift in their flight,
Chariots of Wind, a celestial sight.
Swift Clouds they ride, in Isaiah's verse,
Behold, the Lord on a swift cloud, diverse.

Chariots of Clouds, veiling the divine,
In Exodus, a cloud, a sacred sign.
Altars bear witness to chariots' grace,
Amos sees the Lord on the Altar's embrace.

Ribbotaim's chariots, a heavenly legion,
Thousands of angels, a celestial region.
Chariots of the Tent, a pillar of cloud,
In Deuteronomy, the Lord avowed.

The Tabernacle speaks, in Leviticus' tongue,
Chariots of the Tabernacle, where the divine song
Echoes from the Mercy-Seat, a sacred throne,
Numbers reveals, where the voice is known.

Sapphire stones beneath chariots' wheels,
In Exodus, a vision, the celestial feels.
Eagles' wings, not of birdly descent,
Exodus sings, a divine ascent.

Chariots of Shout, in Psalms resound,
God ascends with a celestial sound.
Araboth's chariots, a heavenly praise,
In Psalms, the Rider upon the Araboth sways.

Thick Clouds bear chariots, in Psalms they fly,
Clouds become a chariot, in the celestial sky.
Chayyoth's chariots, in Ezekiel's gaze,
Living creatures run, in celestial ways.

Wheels of Galgallim, a cosmic spin,
In Ezekiel's vision, the celestial begin.
Swift Kerub's chariots, a swift embrace,
In Psalms and Isaiah, they find their place.

Eighteen thousand worlds in a single glance,
Ezekiel whispers, in a cosmic dance.
The Holy One surveys, with a watchful eye,
Psalm echoes, as the Lord descends from the sky.

Ophannim's chariots, with eyes all around,
In Ezekiel's vision, their glory is found.
Holy Throne's chariots, in Psalm's decree,
God sits upon a throne, in divine glee.

Throne of Yah, in Exodus proclaimed,
A lifted hand, on Yah's throne named.
Judgement's chariots, in Isaiah's rhyme,
Exalted in judgement, in the celestial clime.

Throne of Glory, in Jeremiah's verse,
A sanctuary on high, where celestial echoes disperse.
High and Exalted Throne, in Isaiah's sight,
A vision of grandeur, in the celestial light.

In chariots arrayed, the Holy One soars,
Through realms untold, where celestial lore pours.
Each with a purpose, in the cosmic ballet,
Chariots of the heavens, in splendor arrayed.

Chapter 25

In celestial heights, where realms entwine,
Metatron, the Prince, unfolds a grand design.
'Ophphanniel, the majestic, revered with might,
A singular prince, bathed in celestial light.

Sixteen faces adorn his regal frame,
A hundred wings on each side, a cosmic flame.
A multitude of eyes, a celestial sight,
Countless visions in the celestial night.

Lightning flashes from his eyes so bright,
Firebrands blaze, a celestial light.
Scorching intensity, a sight too grand,
Only the Holy One can truly understand.

His stature vast, a journey through the years,
Two and a half millennia, it appears.
Known to the King of kings, a cosmic grace,
Strength and power in this celestial space.

'Ophphanniel, the overseer of 'Ophannim's flight,
Attends to them daily, in celestial light.
Uplifting their station, organizing with care,
Exalting their dwelling in the cosmic air.

Polishing their abode, ensuring the divine,
Uniformity in posture, a celestial sign.
Cleansing their seats, a ritual pure,
Diligent service, forever enduring and sure.

The 'Ophannim, beings of radiant gaze,
Eyes effusing light in a celestial blaze.
Garments adorned with sapphire so bright,
Seventy-two stones, a celestial rite.

Crowns with carbuncle stones, a splendid
array,
Radiance in four directions, a cosmic display.
A gem named 'Bareqet,' lightning's kin,
A gleaming aura, a celestial spin.

Tents of splendor, brilliance untold,
Luminosity, sapphire, and carbuncle unfold.
Enshrouded in glory, a celestial hymn,
'Ophanniel's realm, where light and beauty
swim.

Daily service, day and night,
Enhancing beauty, heightening their light.
Dwelling in praise, ceaseless and pure,
In the cosmic dance, they forever endure.

In celestial heights, 'Ophphanniel reigns,
A prince of grandeur, where beauty remains.
Faces and wings, eyes that gleam,
In the cosmic dance, a celestial dream.

Chapter 26

In realms above, where angels soar,
Metatron unfolds tales of yore.
A prince emerges, noble, grand,
A leader, swift, by angels manned.

His form a radiance, brilliance bright,
A scribe of swiftness, lofty height.
Esteemed and honored, swift in grace,
A leader of the heavenly race.

His visage mirrors angels' light,
An eagle's form, a wondrous sight.
Like lightning's flash and fiery brands,
His brilliance flows through cosmic strands.

Sparkling sparks and fiery coals,
Majesty in chashmals' roles.
Radiance like Venus, a celestial dance,
Seven heavens in his vast expanse.

A sapphire gem crowns his regal head,
The cosmos' splendor in hues widespread.
Countless eyes, like stars on high,
Reflect the beauty of the cosmic sky.

Each eye a Venus, a celestial spark,
A symphony of lights in the cosmic dark.
Lower limbs to knees, stars align,
Lightning stars in cosmic design.

Knees to thighs, Venus' glow,
Thighs to loins, moon's soft flow.
Loins to neck, the sun's embrace,
Neck to skull, imperishable grace.

A crown atop, a throne of might,

502 years in cosmic flight.
All splendors find their cosmic home,
Upon this crown, a celestial dome.

SERAPHIEL, the Prince of Peace,
His name echoes, never to cease.
In charge of Seraphim's flame,
A guardian with a noble aim.

Day and night, he oversees,
Teaching song and cosmic keys.
To Seraphim, whose wings unfold,
In praise of beauty, might untold.

Four in number, winds' embrace,
Each with six wings, a cosmic grace.
Faces four, a sacred gaze,
Reflecting East's celestial blaze.

Height aligns with heavens seven,
Wings that span the cosmic leaven.
Radiance so bright, it blinds the eyes,
Even Kerubim meet their demise.

Why Seraphim? In fiery might,
They burn Satan's nightly spite.
Accusations, inscribed with care,
In tablets handed through the cosmic air.

Satan, SAMMAEL, and DUBBIEL too,
Accusing Israel, a cosmic coup.
Tablets received, but not in vain,
For Seraphim set them aflame.

Daily ritual, flames ablaze,
Before the Throne in cosmic haze.
Preventing accusations dire,
From reaching God, the cosmic sire.

In judgment's seat, on Throne divine,
Where justice flows in cosmic line.
Seraphim dance in cosmic might,
Guardians of truth in celestial light.

Chapter 27

In realms beyond, where wonders unfold,
Metatron's tale of mysteries told.
A prince, preeminent in grandeur,
RADWERIEL stands, of wonders sure.

Beyond Seraphim, in cosmic height,
A guardian named in sacred light.
He oversees the books, the lore,
The sacred scrolls, forevermore.

RADWERIEL, the prince sublime,
Guardian of the Book of Time.
The Case of Writings in his hand,
Unveiling secrets in the cosmic land.

He approaches the Holy One's abode,
Breaks the seals, reveals the code.
The Book of Records, sacred and true,
Unveiled before the cosmic crew.

The Holy One, in majesty,
Receives the books with mystery.
He places them before the Scribes,
In the Great Beth Din, where justice thrives.

High in 'Araboth Raqia's embrace,
The celestial court, a sacred space.
The Scribes, with wisdom shining bright,
Read the records in celestial light.

Why RADWERIEL, you may ask,
For each word from him, a cosmic task.
Angels born with every sound,
In sacred realms, his voice is found.

Amid ministering angels, he stands,

Singing praises to cosmic lands.
Before the Holy One, in reverence,
As Thrice Holy echoes in the expanse.

His voice, a melody, pure and sweet,
A cosmic hymn, the angels greet.
As time approaches for the sacred chant,
RADWERIEL's song, a celestial plant.

In scrolls and records, his power lies,
A guardian of secrets in cosmic skies.
With each uttered word, an angel's birth,
Heavenly music, a celestial mirth.

The Case of Writings, a sacred treasure,
Unveiling tales of cosmic measure.
RADWERIEL, the guardian true,
In cosmic realms, his duties accrue.

Before the court, in heights so vast,
The Book of Records, a cosmic cast.
A dance of words, a celestial ballet,
In 'Araboth Raqia', where mysteries sway.

Chapter 28

In realms above, where glory shines,
Metatron unfolds secrets divine.
Four great princes, 'Irin and Qaddishin named,
Exalted, revered, their magnificence famed.

Above celestial ranks, they reside,
Their presence near the Throne, a radiant guide.
In majesty divine, they find their place,
A celestial quartet, extraordinary grace.

Opposite the Throne of Glory they stand,
Their dwelling's brilliance, a sight so grand.
Reflecting the Shekina's radiant face,
They bask in celestial, divine embrace.

Through Divine Majesty, they ascend,
Shekina's acclaim, their praises blend.
No action unfolds in the cosmic sphere,
Without their counsel, the heavens revere.

Messengers of holiness, in Daniel's decree,
"The holy ones declare," in celestial glee.
Two 'Irin, two Qaddishin, in cosmic array,
Before the Holy One, they stand and sway.

In unity and wisdom, they orchestrate,
Uplifting the humble, humbling the great.
As the Holy One sits in judgement's light,
Books of Life and Death open, celestial sight.

On the Throne of Judgement, the world surveyed,
All beings tremble, in awe displayed.
Garment white as snow, hair pure as wool,
In righteous armor, the Holy One is full.

'Irin and Qaddishin, as court officials stand,
Before the Judge, a celestial band.
Arguing cases, delivering decrees,
In 'Araboth's court, where cosmic justice flees.

Verdicts pronounced, divine and clear,
In the Great Beth Din, they draw near.
Some intercede, others conclude,
In the presence of the Most High, they're shrewd.

Decrees executed, as the watchers proclaim,
From heaven to earth, the cosmic game.
A holy one descended, a watcher so divine,
"Cut down the tree," in Daniel's line.

'Irin and Qaddishin, their names proclaim,
Sanctifying body and spirit, in cosmic flame.
On the third day, fiery lashes unfurl,
Hosea's prophecy, the cosmic swirl.

"After two days," the revival begins,
On the third day, redemption sings.
Body and spirit, sanctified and raised,
In the sight of the Most High, their glory praised.

Chapter 29

In the celestial court where wonders unfold,
Metatron, Prince of Presence, truths behold.
Rabbi Ishmael, his guide, in reverence heard,
A tale of angels, names like a holy word.

Each angel, a masterpiece, a celestial muse,
Seventy names, like a linguistic cruise.
Languages of the world, a diverse array,
Each name a flame, a script in display.

Upon the Fearful Crown, where glory resides,
Inscribed with fervor, where majesty abides.
The Holy One's names, a celestial brew,
Adorn the King's head, a spectacle true.

Seventy tongues, in harmony thrum,
A symphony of names, a celestial hum.
From the Crown, sparks and lightnings fly,
Angelic radiance lights up the sky.

Adorned with crowns, in splendor arrayed,
In radiant tents, their glory displayed.
A brilliance so intense, a celestial light,
Even Seraphim falter, unable to sight.

Chayyoth and Seraphim, beings so high,
Yet before these angels, they demurely shy.
The celestial court, a cosmic ballet,
Where angelic names in splendor sway.

A tale unfolds, in Rabbi Ishmael's ear,
Of angels and names, so crystal clear.
Metatron, the guide, unfolds the scroll,
A celestial narrative, a story to enroll.

From heavens high to realms untold,

The angelic multitude, a sight to behold.
Each name a beacon, a celestial star,
In the cosmic dance, they travel far.

Names like rivers, flowing and bright,
In the celestial realm, a breathtaking sight.
From Keiher Nora, the Fearful Crown,
Each angel descends, a truth to renown.

Sparks and lightnings, a celestial dance,
A radiant spectacle, a divine trance.
Crowns of splendor, a heavenly array,
In the presence of angels, Seraphim sway.

The brilliance of angels, a dazzling beam,
Beyond mortal sight, a celestial dream.
In tents of light, their glory concealed,
To mortal eyes, their might is revealed.

Seventy names, in tongues so vast,
A celestial journey, a truth amassed.
From the Holy One, the names descend,
On the Crown of Fear, their story penned.

In Metatron's tale, the celestial lore,
A glimpse into realms we can't ignore.
The angelic multitude, a radiant sea,
In the cosmic dance, eternally free.

Chapter 30

In realms above, where heavens convene,
Metatron's voice, a celestial sheen.
Rabbi Ishmael, his guide and sage,
In the heavenly court, they engage.

The Great Beth Din in 'Araboth Raqia',
A cosmic council, in divine display.
No voice on Earth, in silence hushed,
As heavenly princes, their council's hushed.

Seventy-two princes, in regal attire,
Guardians of kingdoms, realms entire.
Each bearing the name of the Holy One,
In celestial dance, their duties spun.

The Prince of the World, a cosmic guide,
In the heavenly court, where worlds abide.
He intercedes, with a plea sincere,
Before the Holy One, His presence near.

A daily ritual, as the Book unfolds,
Records of actions, stories untold.
Daniel's words, a prophecy grand,
"The court sat, and the books expand."

The heavenly scribes with their quills divine,
In cosmic ink, the records align.
A tale of kingdoms, woven in fate,
Princes of H', their voices create.

The world's affairs, an open scroll,
In the heavenly court, where truths unroll.
Seventy-two voices, a celestial choir,
Echoing through realms, higher and higher.

The Prince of the World, with a burdened plea,

For Earth's children, beneath the cosmic sea.
He lifts their deeds, like a cosmic tide,
Before the Holy One, their actions wide.

The celestial council, in solemn debate,
Weaving the threads of earthly fate.
Each prince, a guardian, a cosmic guide,
In the tapestry of time, their roles coincide.

The Great Beth Din, a celestial hall,
Voices of princes, a celestial call.
In 'Araboth Raqia', where heavens meet,
A cosmic symphony, a dance complete.

No voice on Earth, in the divine court's sway,
Except for the princes, in celestial array.
Seventy-two names, in reverence sung,
As the Book of Records is gently swung.

Metatron's words, a celestial verse,
In Rabbi Ishmael's ears, a tale diverse.
Of kingdoms and princes, a heavenly scene,
In the Great Sanhedrin, where worlds convene.

Chapter 31

In realms where justice reigns supreme,
Metatron, the celestial dream.
Rabbi Ishmael, a sage profound,
With angelic whispers, truths unbound.

The Throne of Judgment, where justice
presides,
With Mercy and Truth by its sacred sides.
The Holy One, in regal might,
Surrounded by the celestial light.

Justice, a figure of stern resolve,
On the right, its presence evolved.
Mercy, a staff of radiant grace,
On the left, compassion's embrace.

Before the throne, where Truth holds sway,
A witness to deeds in the cosmic display.
A cosmic courtroom, where souls unfold,
Their stories written, in letters bold.

As mortals stand before this seat,
Their hearts exposed, their fates to meet.
Mercy extends, a staff divine,
Radiant and bright, a cosmic sign.

Before this brilliance, the accused bow,
Their faces humbled, reverence endowed.
Angels of destruction, in fear they quake,
Before the mortal's cosmic wake.

Isaiah's words, a prophecy old,
"With mercy, the throne shall unfold."
Established firm, in truth and grace,
The cosmic court, each soul to face.

The dance of Mercy, a cosmic ballet,
In the presence of Truth, where shadows sway.
The accused, in awe, on the cosmic floor,
As Mercy extends, its essence to pour.

The angels of destruction, their swords laid
low,
In the brilliance of Mercy, a celestial glow.
The Throne of Judgment, an ancient seat,
Justice, Mercy, Truth, in cosmic fleet.

The accused rise, their fate to meet,
Before the Truth, where judgments greet.
The cosmic balance, delicate and fine,
In the dance of Mercy, a truth divine.

Metatron's words, a celestial script,
In Rabbi Ishmael's ears, a cosmic crypt.
Attributes three, in celestial rite,
Justice, Mercy, and Truth's pure light.

Chapter 32

In realms unseen, where mysteries unfold,
Metatron's tale, a cosmic legend told.
Rabbi Ishmael, a sage profound,
With whispered truths, the cosmic sound.

The Holy One, on the Throne of Might,
Opens a Book, in celestial light.
A tome aflame, half fire, half fire,
Its pages scripted with divine desire.

From the sacred pages, angels emerge,
Executioners, with celestial surge.
Messengers of fate, their wings unfurled,
Wielding a sword, from the divine world.

A blade unsheathed, its brilliance grand,
Drawn from realms where angels stand.
A cosmic sword, with lightning's gleam,
An instrument of judgment's dream.

Isaiah's words, a prophecy bold,
"By fire and sword, judgment foretold."
The Lord's decree, a cosmic plan,
To judge the wicked, the ways of man.

As the sword gleams, from end to end,
The world trembles, souls to rend.
Inhabitants quake, in awe and fear,
As divine justice draws near.

Sparks and flashes, like Raqia's stars,
From the cosmic blade, in celestial wars.
Deuteronomy's verse, a cosmic rhyme,
"If I whet my sword, in the course of time."

The wicked tremble, their deeds laid bare,

Before the sword's luminous glare.
A cosmic theatre, a celestial stage,
Where justice unfolds, an eternal page.

The sword's radiance, a cosmic dance,
In the realms where angels glance.
From end to end, its light cascades,
A divine symphony, in heavenly shades.

The Book unfolds, its fiery script,
Judgment swift, a cosmic crypt.
Angelic messengers, swift and true,
Execute fate, as the fiery hues.

In this celestial theatre, justice unfolds,
A tale of fire, where the sword beholds.
Metatron's whispers, the sage's decree,
In the cosmic dance, where destinies flee.

Chapter 33

In realms celestial, where judgments unfold,
Metatron, sage of mysteries untold.
Rabbi Ishmael, a vessel of divine grace,
Whispers truths from the celestial space.

Upon the Throne of Judgement, the Holy One,
Angels of Mercy to His right, where light is spun.
Angels of Peace to His left take their stand,
While angels of Destruction form a celestial band.

A scribe above, and one below,
Inscribe the tales of joy and woe.
Surrounding the Throne, Seraphim in array,
Walls of lightning, a celestial display.

'Ophannim with firebrands, a radiant shroud,
Around the Throne, a fiery crowd.
Clouds of fire, flames that dance,
Envelop the Throne in a cosmic trance.

Beneath, the Holy Chayyoth with fingers three,
Uphold the Throne in solemn decree.
Each finger spans, in cosmic might,
800,000 and 700, a celestial light.

A river of fire beneath their feet,
Where celestial waters and flames meet.
Seven rivers flow, a fiery stream,
In the cosmic dance, a divine dream.

365 thousand parasangs, the breadth they span,
Depth reaching heights, a celestial plan.
248 thousand myriads deep they go,
In the cosmic currents, a celestial flow.

Bowing across 'Araboth Raqia' they wind,
From Ma'on to Zebul, destinies entwined.
Shechaqim, Raqia', Shamayim's embrace,
A celestial journey through time and space.

Jeremiah's words, a prophetic verse,
"A whirlwind of the Lord, a cosmic curse."
A tempest swirling, fury untamed,
Upon the wicked, justice proclaimed.

In Gehenna's depths, where shadows loom,
A cosmic tempest, a celestial doom.
The rivers cascade, a fiery thread,
Upon the wicked, a judgment spread.

The celestial court, a symphony grand,
With angels and thrones, a cosmic band.
Metatron's whispers, a sage's decree,
In the cosmic dance, where destinies flee.

Chapter 34

In cosmic realms where angels tread,
Metatron's voice to Ishmael is spread,
A tale of circles, concentric, grand,
Where celestial powers make their stand.

Around Chayyoth’s hoofs, seven clouds ignite,
Burning coals, a celestial sight.
Beyond these clouds, walls of flames enfold,
Seven layers of fiery, celestial gold.

Next, walls of hailstones, seven-fold arise,
A frozen shield in cosmic guise.
Beyond, stones of hail encase the scene,
The wings of tempests, fierce and keen.

Flames then enshroud these tempest wings,
As cosmic dance and harmony sings.
Chambers of whirlwinds, in patterns twirl,
Bordered by fire and water, they unfurl.

Around this cosmic blend of fire and wet,
Angelic voices in a chorus set.
"Holy" they voice in a melodious flight,
Celestial beings in realms of light.

Beyond these voices, the "Blessed" intone,
In radiant realms where brightness shone.
Bright clouds encircle, a wondrous sight,
As juniper's coals, in celestial light.

A thousand fire camps rise, untold,
Ten thousand flames in cosmic hold.
Clouds partition each camp and flame,
A celestial dance, in sacred aim.

Ishmael listens as Metatron imparts,

Secrets of these celestial arts.
Circles upon circles, each unveiled,
In cosmic realms where truth prevailed.

Within these layers, celestial tones,
Whispered secrets, cosmic thrones.
Chambers of elements, fire and ice,
In patterns grand, a cosmic device.

Cosmic campfires, a thousand strong,
Flames in hosts, a celestial throng.
Each set apart by clouds, so bright,
In cosmic dance, in celestial light.

Metatron’s whispers, Ishmael receives,
Secrets of realms where the spirit grieves.
Circles upon circles, layers profound,
In cosmic realms, their truths unbound.

Chapter 35

In the celestial expanse of 'Araboth Raqia,
A tale unfolds, of angels in array.
The Holy One, in splendor and might,
Commands a multitude, a celestial sight.

Camps aplenty, numbering beyond,
In myriad myriads, their hosts respond.
Five hundred and six, vast and grand,
Each a legion, at His command.

Angels of stature, vast as the sea,
With countenances aglow, in brilliance be.
Eyes aflame, like fire's bright dance,
Arms and feet, like polished lance.

Four rows they form before the Throne,
A majestic assembly, a cosmic zone.
Adorned with princes, leaders of might,
In the Presence of Glory, they stand upright.

Duties divided in celestial accord,
Some chant "Holy," in harmonious chord.
Others, "Blessed," their voices raise,
In cosmic hymns, they offer praise.

Messengers swift on heavenly quest,
Attend the divine, at the King's behest.
Aligned as Daniel's vision foretold,
Myriad ministered, a sight to behold.

As the time approaches, the "Holy" to sing,
A whirlwind emerges, a celestial fling.
Commotion through the Shekina's camp,
A divine stir, a celestial stamp.

As Jeremiah spoke, a whirlwind's fury,

A continuing commotion, a celestial story.
Four thousand thousands in dazzling dance,
Transform to sparks in a cosmic trance.

Firebrands, flashes, in celestial flight,
Males and females, a wondrous sight.
Winds and burning fires in cosmic play,
Chashmal lights, in celestial array.

A transformation, a celestial pledge,
Submitting to heaven's eternal edge.
Accepting the yoke, with fear profound,
In awe of the Creator, their hearts resound.

Reverting to form, yet forever changed,
A pledge of allegiance, forever arranged.
The fear of their King, an eternal flame,
In perpetual song, they exclaim.

As Isaiah's verses in harmony ring,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," the celestial beings sing.
In the cosmic symphony, a celestial choir,
Their voices blend, ascending higher.

In the tapestry of 'Araboth Raqia,
A celestial dance, a cosmic ballet.
Angels in camps, their duties unfold,
In the presence of Glory, their story is told.

Chapter 36

In the celestial expanse where angels tread,
A tale unfolds, a fiery stream widespread.
Metatron, the Prince of Presence, declared,
A narrative of angels, fiery and paired.

As the Song approaches, a celestial scene,
Nehar di-Nur, the fiery stream, agleam.
Countless thousands, myriads untold,
Angelic hosts, fiery and bold.

Beneath the Throne of Glory's might,
Nehar di-Nur courses, a celestial light.
Between the camps, in 'Araboth's host,
A fiery river, a celestial boast.

The ministering angels, in preparation,
For the Song divine, a sacred narration.
Into the fiery stream, they boldly wade,
Immersed in fire, a celestial cascade.

Tongues and mouths, seven times they dip,
In Nehar di-Nur's fiery grip.
Emerging adorned, in garments bright,
"Machaqe Samal," a celestial light.

Cloaked in chashmal, a radiance rare,
In four rows, they stand with care.
Before the Throne of Glory, in the heavens high,
A celestial tableau, beneath the sky.

A fiery cleansing, a ritual before the Song,
In Nehar di-Nur, where angels belong.
The celestial flames, their essence refine,
Preparing for the Song, in radiant line.

Machaqe Samal, a garment divine,
Adorning the angels, a celestial sign.
Chashmal cloaks, with brilliance laced,
In the celestial abode, they are encased.

Four rows they form, a majestic array,
Before the Throne, in the heavens' sway.
The Song awaits, as the angels stand,
In fiery purity, a celestial band.

The celestial river, fiery and grand,
Nehar di-Nur, where angels withstand.
A cleansing ritual, a celestial dance,
Preparing for the Song's entrance.

Metatron's tale, a narrative rare,
Of angels in fire, a celestial affair.
In Nehar di-Nur, their spirits ignite,
A celestial prelude, in the heavenly light.

Chapter 37

In the celestial Halls, where mysteries unfold,
Metatron speaks, tales of wonders untold.
Four chariots of Shekina, in splendor arrayed,
Each with its camps, in radiant cascade.

Rivers of fire, in perpetual flow,
Between the camps, a celestial show.
Bright clouds guard each fiery stream,
Pillars of brimstone, a mesmerizing gleam.

Flaming wheels dance, encircling the light,
Between each wheel, flames burn bright.
Treasuries of lightning, a celestial sight,
Follow the wheels, in radiant flight.

Wings of the stormwind, concealed from view,
Chambers of the tempest, where winds accrue.
Voices, thunders, sparks, and quake,
A celestial symphony, no mortal can partake.

Shekina's chariots, a majestic parade,
In the celestial Halls, their glory displayed.
Metatron unfolds, the tale profound,
Of rivers of fire, and wheels that resound.

Between the bright clouds, the rivers flow,
Pillars of brimstone in radiant glow.
Flaming wheels encircle, a celestial dance,
In the Halls of Shekina, where angels advance.

Treasuries of lightning, a dazzling array,
Follow the wheels in their celestial display.
Wings of the stormwind, in chambers unseen,
Whispers of power, where mysteries convene.

Beyond, the chambers of the tempest reside,
Winds and voices, in the celestial tide.
Thunders, sparks, and earthquakes untold,
In the Halls of Shekina, their stories unfold.

Metatron's voice, the angelic guide,
Reveals the wonders, where chariots glide.
In the Shekina's Halls, a celestial choir,
Voices, thunders, sparks, and fire.

Bright clouds part, as the rivers flow,
Pillars of brimstone in radiant show.
Flaming wheels encircle, a cosmic spin,
In the Halls of Shekina, the celestial din.

The treasuries of lightning, their brilliance vast,
Follow the wheels, in a radiant cast.
Wings of the stormwind, in chambers concealed,
Where cosmic secrets are gently revealed.

Voices, thunders, sparks, and quake,
A celestial symphony, no mortal can partake.
In the Shekina's Halls, where chariots gleam,
Metatron's tale, a celestial dream.

Chapter 38

In the celestial expanse, where mysteries
unfold,
Metatron's voice, the story untold.
As ministering angels chant the Thrice Holy,
The heavens quake, a symphony so holy.

Pillars and sockets of the skies tremble,
Gates of Araboth Raqia', their dance
resembles.
Shechaqim's foundation in a quivering state,
The universe stirred, in a celestial debate.

Orders of Ma'on, and chambers of Makon,
Quake in response to the celestial song.
Constellations, planets, sun, and moon,
Thrown into chaos, seeking to swoon.

Racing 12,000 parasangs, in cosmic distress,
Moved by the praise, the angels' finesse.
Psalm 77:18 echoes in the cosmic hum,
"The voice of thy thunder, the world
overcomes."

Sparks and lightning in the angelic array,
The heavens tremble, an awe-struck display.
The earth, too, shakes in its silent plea,
A cosmic dance, in the celestial sea.

The Prince of the World, with authority
profound,
Silences the tremors, their cosmic sound.
"Rest in your places," his voice resounds,
"Fear not the angels' song that heaven
astounds."

Job's verses echo in the cosmic breeze,

"When morning stars together seize,
A chorus of joy in the heavenly expanse,
A celestial dance, a divine romance."

The Thrice Holy chant, a cosmic decree,
Resounds through realms, both land and sea.
In the presence of the Holy One, blessed be
He,
The universe trembles, in divine glee.

Chapter 39

In the celestial halls where mysteries unfold,
Metatron spoke, the tale to be told.
Upon the angels' chant, a sacred hymn,
Names from the Throne, like eagles, swim.

Sixteen wings, in fiery flight,
Names engraved in the Throne's pure light.
Around the Holy One, in a dance so grand,
Names swirling, a celestial band.

Flaming Servants, with fervent might,
'Ophannim mighty, a majestic sight.
Shekina's Kerubim, in radiance arrayed,
Chayyoth Holy, in the divine parade.

Seraphim with fiery gaze,
'Er'ellim in the cosmic maze.
Taphsarim, princes adorned,
Prostrate three times, their praise adorned.

Consuming fire troops, a radiant stream,
Fiery armies, in the celestial dream.
Flaming hosts, with voices raise,
Adorned holy princes, in humble praise.

"Blessed be the name," the anthem rings,
In the presence divine, where glory springs.
A chorus of angels, their voices soar,
Forever and ever, the sacred lore.

The fiery script, with grace and might,
Soars like eagles, in celestial flight.
Encircling the Throne, in a sacred dance,
A cosmic symphony, a divine trance.

The four sides of presence, embraced and
kissed,
By names on eagles' wings, they persist.
Holy prostration, a thrice-fold hymn,
"Blessed be His name," a celestial whim.

In the realm where flames and brilliance meet,
Angelic orders, their homage complete.
A tapestry of light, in the heavenly hall,
Names from the Throne, in a divine sprawl.

Metatron's tale, a celestial decree,
Of names and angels, in symphony.
In the presence divine, the echoes linger,
A perpetual praise, celestial singer.

Chapter 40

In realms beyond, where mysteries unfold,
Metatron spoke, the celestial story to be
told.
As angels in harmony the "Holy" sing,
A tale of crowning and celestial wing.

From beneath the Throne, in glorious array,
Servants of His Glory emerge, a grand display.
With joy in their hearts and crowns in hand,
They approach the angels, a celestial band.

Myriad crowns like Venus, radiant and bright,
Each a symbol of the angels' sacred flight.
For "Holy," "Holy, Holy," and more,
Threefold crowns, their essence to explore.

But beware, should the chant be awry,
A consuming fire from the Most High.
Divided into parts, four angelic camps it
seeks,
Swift annihilation, as the Psalms speak.

"Fire goeth before Him," the scriptures
declare,
A cleansing blaze, in the celestial air.
Failed chants summon this holy ire,
496 thousand parts, a consuming fire.

Yet fear not, for the Creator's grace,
Forms new angels in the sacred space.
A word uttered, a divine decree,
New beings born, great faithfulness to see.

Before His Throne, in Glory's light,
They join the chorus, "Holy," so bright.
In the celestial dance, a cosmic rebirth,

Morning by morning, a sacred mirth.

Thus, the tale unfolds in the heavenly hall,
Of crowns and fire, of rise and fall.
Metatron's voice, a guide in the night,
Through celestial realms, in glorious light.

The "Holy" echoes, a celestial hymn,
Angels and crowns, in harmony swim.
In the grand tapestry of the heavens above,
A story written in crowns and divine love.

Chapter 41

In realms where letters weave creation's tale,
Metatron spoke, unveiling the celestial trail.
"Come, witness the letters, the cosmic ink,
Crafting the heavens, where the angels link."

Through these sacred glyphs, a symphony sways,
Mountains and hills in their intricate displays.
Seas and rivers, by script defined,
Trees and herbs, in letters entwined.

Life bestowed on planets, celestial array,
Constellations, the sun, in a luminous ballet.
Orion and Pleiades, their dance sublime,
In the cosmic theater, where time knows no prime.

Behold the letters, crafting the Throne on high,
The Wheels of Merkaba, in the azure sky.
Essentials of existence, in script concealed,
Wisdom, understanding, by these letters revealed.

Letters that birthed prudence, knowledge's might,
Meekness and righteousness, weaving in the light.
Sustaining the world, a cosmic embrace,
Written in letters, the celestial grace.

Metatron led, hand in hand we soared,
On wings of revelation, to the heavens, implored.
Letters aflame on the Throne of Glory,
A dance of sparks, in Araboth's grand story.

Fiery script etched in the heavenly abode,
Sparks emerging, a celestial code.
Each letter a spark, a radiant hue,
In chambers of Araboth, where truths accrue.

A celestial journey, through letters untold,
Secrets of creation, in fiery script, unfold.
Metatron's wings, a guide through the night,
In the cosmic tapestry, where letters alight.

As we soared on wings, through the script we wove,
In the language of angels, in the language of love.
Letters that whispered of cosmic design,
In the radiant glow of the celestial shrine.

Through the eons, these letters have sung,
The anthem of creation, where all worlds are strung.
In the fiery script, the cosmos inscribed,
A tale of letters, in which all is subscribed.

Chapter 42

Come, embark on this celestial flight,
To realms where opposites unite.
Metatron, the guide with wings so bright,
Reveals the secrets, the cosmic light.

Beside him, walking through ethereal space,
In his grasp, my hand, a celestial embrace.
On wings of wonder, we ascend the heights,
Unveiling mysteries in radiant lights.

Waters, suspended, in Araboth Raqia' dance,
By the name YAH 'EHYE 'ASHER 'EHYE's enchant.
Their bounty descends, a life-giving flow,
Nurturing mountains, where rivers grow.

"Jah, I am that I am," the sacred name,
Echoing through heavens, a divine claim.
Psalm 104:13, the Earth's satisfaction,
In chambers high, a cosmic interaction.

Fire, snow, hail, in a dance so rare,
Undamaged, through 'ESH 'OKELA's flare.
A consuming fire, in Deuteronomy's verse,
Burning bright, the celestial rehearse.

Lightning flashes from snowy peaks,
By YAH SUR 'OLAMIM, the rock that speaks.
Isaiah 26:4, everlasting strength,
In the cosmic mountains, of infinite length.

Thunders roar, voices echo in fiery flames,
Undamaged, through 'EL-SHADDAI RABBA's names.
The Great God Almighty, Genesis does declare,
In the symphony of heavens, a cosmic air.

Flames persist amid the fiery blaze,

By YAD 'AL KES YAH, the hand that sways.
Exodus 17:16, the throne's embrace,
A celestial dance in sacred space.

Fire rivers flow amidst the waters' grace,
Through 'OSE SHALOM, Maker of Peace.
Job 25:2, peace in high domains,
Harmony of elements, where creation reigns.

Hail and fire, wind and cloud,
Earthquake and sparks, in voices loud.
A cosmic orchestra, where opposites entwine,
In the divine names, a harmony divine.

Metatron, the angel, with wisdom profound,
In this cosmic tapestry, truths unbound.
Guiding through realms where mysteries unfurl,
In the divine names, the secrets swirl.

So let the verses sing, like a celestial lyre,
Of waters hanging high, and flames in fire.
In this harmonious dance of the cosmic sea,
The secrets of Enoch, in eternity decree.

Chapter 43

Come, venture forth on this cosmic ride,
To realms where spirits in glory bide.
Metatron, the guide with wisdom wide,
Invites us to where righteous souls reside.

Beside him, I stand, his hand in mine,
Ascending high where the Shekina shines.
Near the Throne of Glory, a sacred sign,
The spirits return, in the divine design.

Isaiah's words, in verses unfold,
"For the spirit clothed itself," the story
told.
Above the Throne, in brilliance bold,
Spirits returned, a sight to behold.

In righteous chambers, their birth did start,
Before the Holy One, each played a part.
Cloaked in glory, a celestial art,
They flutter above, never to depart.

"The souls I have made," a future tale,
Of spirits unborn, yet to set sail.
In the divine presence, their destinies hail,
A cosmic dance, where futures trail.

Metatron's voice, like a gentle breeze,
Reveals the mysteries, the cosmic keys.
The abode of spirits, where time unfreezes,
In the righteous chamber, where destiny
appeases.

Let the verses weave this celestial lore,
Of spirits returned and those to explore.
In the tapestry of time, where destinies soar,
The righteous chamber, forevermore.

Chapter 44

Come, traverse the realms where spirits dwell,
Metatron guides through heaven and hell.
A tale unfolds of those who rebel,
Wicked and intermediates, where shadows swell.

"Behold," said he, "the spirits' fate,
Wicked and intermediate, at the heavenly gate.
Watch as they descend, their destinies innate,
In the cosmic dance, a celestial state."

Two angels of destruction, guardians stern,
ZA'APHIEL and SIMKIEL, their duties discern.
One guides the intermediates, a lesson to
learn,
The other cast the wicked, to fiery depths
they turn.

Taking my hand, Metatron led the way,
Through realms unseen, where spirits stray.
He unfolded the mysteries, night to day,
In the cosmic ballet, where fates hold sway.

Intermediate spirits, in human guise,
Faces like mortals, with eagle-like eyes.
Grey as their deeds, stained until purified
skies,
By the flames of Maqom, where redemption lies.

Wicked spirits, darker than a burnt pot's
base,
A symbol of malevolence, their wicked trace.
In Gehenna's fires, they find their place,
Cast from the Shekina, in divine disgrace.

Amidst this spectacle, Patriarchs rise,
Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, in fervent cries.

"Master of the Universe," their voices arise,
Pleading for mercy, tears in their eyes.

"How long, O Lord," their lamentation,
"Will You withhold Your Kingdom, a divine cessation?
Remember Your hand, the celestial foundation,
When will mercy dawn, an earthly salvation?"

The Holy One responds, His voice divine,
"Consider their sins, the reason they malign.
How can I free my Right Hand, a cosmic sign,
When their transgressions entwine?"

Metatron beckons, "Read their tale,
From the cosmic books, let truth unveil.
Each wicked soul, a narrative frail,
With transgressions myriad, like the Torah's trail."

Abraham weeps, Isaac bows his head,
Jacob mourns, the Patriarchs dread.
The Holy One speaks, "How can they be led,
To redemption's path, from sins widespread?"

Michael weeps, the Prince of the Land,
"Why stand far away, Lord," a plea so grand.
In the cosmic theater, where destinies withstand,
A celestial saga, written in the sand.

Chapter 45

Come, venture forth to realms unseen,
Where the Curtain of Maqom, divine screen,
Displays the tapestry of time's grand sheen,
Past, present, future, all in the cosmic dream.

Metatron beckons, "Behold, O Sage,
The generations etched on this sacred page.
Each ruler, shepherd, oppressor, and sage,
Their deeds and thoughts, an eternal stage."

Like a father instructs his children dear,
With fingers, he guides, making history clear.
Rulers and heads, to the oppressed and seer,
A cosmic drama, unfolding near.

Adam, the first, and his kin's tale,
Deeds and thoughts, like a cosmic trail.
Noah's ark and the flood's unveiled,
Generations danced, their destinies frail.

Shem and Nimrod, Abraham's grace,
Isaac, Ishmael, in time and space.
Jacob's ladder, Joseph's race,
The tribes arose, in history's embrace.

Amidst this cosmic tapestry grand,
Moses emerged, a leader, strong and grand.
Aaron and Miriam, their stories fanned,
Princes, elders, a celestial band.

Judges rose, Eli and his kin,
Phinehas' zeal, a spark within.
Leaders and kings, the noble's spin,
Israel's tale, in the cosmic din.

Princes of nations, councils' might,
Rulers and nobles, in the celestial light.
Prophets, interpreters, shining bright,
Their deeds and thoughts, a cosmic flight.

Battles and wars, nations' might,
Against Israel's reign, a celestial fight.
Messiah, son of Joseph, in the cosmic night,
Messiah, son of David, in the divine light.

Gog and Magog, a future war,
Divine actions unfold, a celestial lore.
Leaders and generations, forevermore,
On Maqom's Curtain, their stories pour.

Past, present, future, a cosmic blend,
Generations' actions, a tale to send.
Etched on the Curtain, where destinies wend,
A cosmic epic, from beginning to end.

With Ecclesiastes' words, I declare,
"The King's word has power," in the cosmic air.
Who can say, "What are You doing?" with care,
For those who keep the commandment, no evil they bear.

As Psalm 104 echoes in praise,
"O Lord, how manifold are Your ways!"
The Curtain unfolds, in a cosmic blaze,
A divine spectacle, for eternal days.

Chapter 46

Come, journey with me through the celestial expanse,
Where stars of Raqia' stand, in cosmic dance.
Metatron, guide and guardian of the ethereal trance,
Shall reveal their courses, positions, a cosmic romance.

He beckons, "Behold, the stars in their night,
Trembling before the Almighty's radiant light.
Upon sparks of flames, a celestial flight,
Around Merkaba's throne, in awe, they alight."

Metatron's hands clap, a cosmic decree,
Stars take flight on wings of fiery glee.
From the Merkaba's corners, they flee,
He whispers their names, a celestial decree.

As written in Psalms, the ancient verse,
"He counts the stars," each a name diverse.
On fiery wings, they soar, a cosmic traverse,
A dance in the heavens, a symphony to immerse.

These celestial wanderers, Rahatiel's train,
Guided orderly, as they dance and refrain.
Entering Raqia' ha-shShamayim's celestial domain,
In service to the world, a cosmic terrain.

In order, they exit, a celestial choir,
Praising the Holy One, their voices aspire.
Songs and hymns, a cosmic lyre,
As written, "The heavens declare His glory," entire.

Yet, in the tapestry of times to unfold,

The Almighty recreates, as the prophets
foretold.
In Lamentations, a promise, a tale to be told,
"New every morning," as the cosmic unfolds.

At that dawn, stars open their cosmic choir,
Mouths agape, singing a celestial lyre.
A song depicted in Psalms, with divine fire,
"When I consider Your heavens," they inquire.

In the cosmic dawn, a celestial rebirth,
Stars sing praises, a melody of cosmic mirth.
As the Almighty recreates, a celestial hearth,
A symphony echoing through the celestial
girth.

So, in this cosmic saga, the stars' nightly
roam,
Guided by Rahatiel, to praise and to comb.
A dance in Raqia', a celestial dome,
Where names are whispered, and cosmic tales
are sown.

Chapter 47

Come forth, journey with me through the veiled
realm,
Where souls of angels reside, in fire
overwhelmed.
Metatron, our guide, beckons, a celestial
helm,
To witness the punished angels' spirits, a
tale to embalm.

"Behold," he says, "the souls and spirits
consumed,
By the Almighty's fire, where their essence is
entombed.
Fiery coals within Nehar di-Nur, they're
groomed,
Standing behind Shekina, in fiery plumes."

When angels sing, at times not ordained,
In unintended melodies, their fate is gained.
Consumed by Creator's fire, their bodies
stained,
In chambers of the whirlwind, their essence
detained.

Swiftly, they're swept into Nehar di-Nur's
domain,
Transformed into mountains of fiery reign.
Yet, their spirits and souls, in the fiery
lane,
Return to their Maker, free from mortal chain.

Beside Metatron, I walked, hand in hand,
To witness the angels in the fiery land.
Behind the Shekina, a celestial band,
Supported by whirlwind wings, a fiery strand.

Metatron, with a gesture, unveiled the gates,
Revealing their forms, behind fiery estates.
Angels with wings, crafted from fiery fates,
A sight that my mortal heart elevates.

Each form resembling an angelic kin,
Wings of flames, a fiery spin.
Crafted from burning fire within,
A celestial dance about to begin.

Their fiery plumes rise, as birds in flight,
Behind the Shekina, veiled in fiery light.
Walls of fire, swirling, their celestial height,
A symphony of the punished, a celestial rite.

Overwhelmed by awe, I declare,
"Great are Your works," in the fiery air.
Behind the Shekina, in that celestial lair,
Praising Maqom, a hymn beyond compare.

In this realm of punishment and grace,
Where angels find solace in the fiery embrace.
Metatron, our guide, reveals the cosmic chase,
A tale of souls redeemed, a celestial phase.

Chapter 48

The Unveiling of MAQOM's Right Hand

Come forth, O seeker of celestial truths,
As Metatron, the Angel, speaks in sacred booths.
The Right Hand of MAQOM, veiled in cosmic hues,
A tale of splendor, light, and creation ensues.

(1) "Come, journey with me, through time and space,
Witness the Right Hand, veiled in divine grace.
Its brilliance withheld, a celestial chase,
Splendor and light in a cosmic embrace."

Guided by his hand, clasped in awe,
The Right Hand revealed without a flaw.
Majesty and grandeur, beyond mortal law,
A cosmic symphony, creation in awe.

(3) Beside it stand righteous souls in joy,
Praising three times daily, a celestial envoy.
Isaiah's verses their hymns employ,
As they witness Jerusalem's future deploy.

(4) Tears cascade, five rivers divine,
From the Hand's fingers, a sacred sign.
Isaiah's quill captures the moment's line,
As the Hand weeps, a cosmic shrine.

(5a) Five rivers match the Hand's embrace,

Each finger's tear, a celestial grace.

(5b) When no righteous remains, Moses or Samuel,
To intercede for salvation, like a holy camel.
(6) Recall justice, mercy, and grace,
Release the mighty Arm, a celestial embrace.
Isaiah's verses paint this cosmic space,
As Moses intercedes, divine steps retraced.

(7) United with Moses, in every sphere,
A celestial union, a divine frontier.
Psalm echoes, the Priesthood near,
A cosmic dance, celestial cheer.

(8) "How long, righteous men, for salvation's claim?
I shall deliver my Arm, to redeem and reclaim.
Isaiah's words, a celestial frame,
The Almighty's decree, a cosmic aim.

(9) The Great Arm unfolds, wide and long,
Stretching across the world, a cosmic song.
A solstice sun's might, where shadows throng,
Israel saved, Messiah leading the throng.

(10) Gathered in Jerusalem, a celestial feast,
Nations distant, as prophecies released.
Isaiah and Zechariah's words not ceased,
A cosmic dance, divine and priest.

Names Adorned in Celestial Glory

(1) Angelic hosts, a crown of Names,
Seventy-two inscriptions, the celestial flames.

SS, SeDeQ, SaHPeL SUR in cosmic games,
The heart of the Almighty, where Majesty tames.

(2) SS and SaDdlQ, 'Ophannim's delight,
'XT', chashmal, lightning, a cosmic sight.
Chanting "Holy, Holy," in heavens' height,
Blessed be the Name, a celestial rite.

(3) Angels escort Names, through heavens' arc,
Honored princes, a celestial spark.
Returning to the Throne, a celestial remark,
"Blessed be the Name," echoes the dark.

The Revelation of Enoch-Metatron

(1) Enoch, the son of Jared, strong and unique,
A witness to Adam's creation, life's mystique.
Corruption led to his ascension's mystique,
A celestial throne, seventy thousand to seek.

(2) Names like YeHOEL, a celestial hymn,
The LESSER YHWH, a cosmic whim.
Wisdom beyond angels, celestial trim,
Creation's architect, life's sacred vim.

(3) Treasuries of wisdom, entrusted in his care,
Keys to celestial stores, a cosmic flare.
Moses learned, Sinai's whispers in the air,
Forty days of insight, celestial rare.

(4) Treasuries regained, through Yephiphyah's lore,
Moses gifted, a celestial door.

Seventy names, destiny's core,
Engraved on a ring, a cosmic score.

(5) Seventy Names mirror the Merkaba's might,
Adorned with fire, a celestial light.
Metatron stands, a celestial knight,
Destinies sealed, a cosmic flight.

(6) Metatron, Angel, Prince, and more,
A celestial symphony, cosmic lore.
Chanting "Holy, Holy," on every shore,
A celestial dance, forevermore.

(7) "H, the God of Israel, bears witness true,
Secrets shared with Moses, celestial dew.
Protests arose, in heavens' queue,
Authority claimed, divine and true.

(8) Hosts rebuked, in celestial halls,
The Holy One's delight, as Metatron recalls.
Authority bestowed, divine thralls,
Knowledge passed, celestial walls.

(9) Tradition handed down, from Moses' hand,
Joshua, elders, a celestial band.
Healing secrets, in every land,
Exodus 15:26, a celestial command.

Praise to the Creator of the World.

AFTERWORD

"Afterglow of Celestial Verses: A Reflection on Enoch's Metamorphosis"

In the hallowed glow of the closing verses, as the celestial curtain descends upon the epic odyssey that is "Metamorphosis of Light: The Enochian Epic," I, Jeff Callaway, your humble storyteller, stand before you, the cherished reader, to share a final reflection on this transcendental journey through the realms of Enoch's transformation into the illustrious Archangel Metatron.

As we part ways, the echoes of celestial realms still resonate in the chambers of our minds, and the verses linger, weaving a tapestry of divine metamorphosis that unfolded across these pages. We embarked together on a quest, not merely through words but through the corridors of heavenly realms, traversing the luminous path from mortal clay to angelic radiance.

The genesis of this odyssey was a whispered inspiration, a dream of Dantean proportions. Imagining the great poet Dante Alighieri weaving his tapestry of words around Enoch's celestial evolution birthed the concept of this modern-day epic. In the spirit of Dante's infernal circles and paradisal spheres, we

endeavored to carve a niche for Enoch within the annals of poetic grandeur.

Enoch, a mortal blessed by the divine embrace, walked the Earth as the Son of Man. His tale unfolded in realms where the earthly met the ethereal, where angels strode amidst celestial chariots, and the essence of righteousness was the guiding flame. This odyssey, rooted in ancient scriptures, bloomed into a vibrant narrative poem—a saga of fiery realms, luminous beings, and the transcendence of a mortal soul.

The celestial journey soared through verses, depicting Enoch's spirit ascending into heavens, where the holy sons of God trod upon flames of fire. With celestial robes aglow, they unfolded the mysteries of righteousness, revealing the concealed aspects of celestial bounds. Enoch's spirit ascended to the highest heavens, where a crystalline structure stood, tongues of living fire dancing amidst its shimmering facets.

In the luminous presence of Seraphim, Cherubim, and Ophanim, Enoch gazed upon innumerable angels—Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Phanuel, and countless holy beings beyond the heavens. They traversed the fiery edifice, a spectacle surrounded by streams of living fire, and the vigilance of celestial guardians never slumbered.

The pinnacle awaited—a divine assembly where the Ancient of Days, robed in purity, presided alongside Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Phanuel, and uncountable angels. Amidst the celestial chorus, a missing passage revealed the Son of

Man, born into righteousness, held by righteousness, his essence an eternal echo of divine purity.

A voice, resonating in cosmic rhyme, proclaimed peace for eternity. Righteous paths unfolded, intertwining the fates of the chosen with the Son of Man, promising days of extended existence, where the righteous would experience eternal peace in the name of the Lord of Spirits.

In the poetic cadence of Enoch's journey, every verse, every celestial vision, unfolded before your eyes, dear reader. Each word was a brushstroke, painting the ethereal canvas of Enoch's metamorphosis. As we bid farewell to this epic narrative poem, know that it was not merely a story; it was an invitation to transcendence, an exploration of the divine alchemy that transforms mortals into celestial beings.

My gratitude extends to you, intrepid reader, for traversing this celestial tapestry. I hope these verses carried you beyond the mundane, into the luminous embrace of divine realms. The Archangel Metatron, once a mortal named Enoch, now etches his presence into the sacred chronicles, a testament to the boundless grace bestowed upon the righteous.

As we part ways, may the radiance of Enoch's metamorphosis linger in your heart—a radiant ember of celestial storytelling. Until our paths converge once more, may you carry the light of this odyssey with you, a beacon in the vast expanse of literary realms.

In awe of the celestial tapestry we've woven together,

Jeff Callaway

JEFF CALLAWAY, a native Texan, is a prolific writer renowned for his compelling storytelling and captivating poetry. With an extensive repertoire of published works, including many books and chapbooks, he has established himself as a distinguished literary voice. From his early beginnings performing at open mic events to his notable art exhibition at the esteemed Hal Samples Space Gallery in Deep Ellum, Jeff's artistic journey has been a testament to his talent and dedication. "Metamorphosis of Light: The Enochian Epic" marks his triumphant foray into the realm of theology, highlighting his ability to transport readers into richly imagined worlds. Currently based in east Texas, Jeff continues to inspire through his writing, painting, and unwavering pursuit of artistic expression.

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